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# The New REPUBLIC

## A Journal of Opinion

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## The Week

RECENT news dispatches tell us that the administration has been attempting to do what The New Republic has advised since the beginning of the new gold policy—make an agreement with Great Britain by which our currency and the British may be held at a parity in exchange value, and so avoid a war in currency depreciation, at least as far as the dollar and the pound are concerned. But these efforts have been repulsed by the British banking authorities, who, though they look forward to an eventual understanding of this sort, do not want to make one now because they believe that the pound is greatly overvalued at the present relationship. They think that even the old ratio of $4.86 to the pound is too high. Their reason for believing this is that it gives too great an advantage to American exporters who compete with British business men. There is much to be said for that position—but provided only that American prices do not rise. It must always be remembered that the correct ratio between the pound and the dollar depends not only on the balance of payments but on the relation between the internal price levels of the two countries. If the prices in dollars of American exportable commodities should rise as much as the exchange value of the dollar falls, our exporters would have no advantage over others which they did not have before the dollar began its downward course. What the British position amounts to, then, is a declaration of lack of confidence that President Roosevelt will succeed in raising prices in this country.

THE British financial authorities are also worrying about the effect of their policy on the franc. Though it is now believed by many that France must either devalue the franc or leave the gold standard altogether, the British evidently do not want to bring any pressure to force such action; they would prefer to have the franc stay where it is and bring the pound back to a gold basis at lower relationship to the franc than that which it held before. If the dollar and the pound should go down together in reference to gold, or if the dollar should now be held stable while the gold value of the pound should be driven down to what the British believe is proper in relation to the dollar, they believe that France's hand would be forced. Here again, the British authorities evidently do not contemplate any rise in internal prices, whether as a result of monetary policy or other means. For if their price level rose while the pound went down, the existing pressure on the franc would not be increased. Meanwhile France is believed to be preparing for a devaluation of the franc to equalize competition with Britain and America. It is for this reason that she is making such an effort to balance her budget, in order that when devaluation occurs, it may not start runaway inflation. The moves on the international monetary chessboard are intricate and difficult for the outsider to follow. Agreement would be much easier if the various governments could agree on policy with respect to prices. The fundamental difficulty now is that our government is attempting reflation while the British have no confidence in such an effort, either here or elsewhere.

IN THE great present drive against the Securities Act, Wall Street bankers play a most important part. They are supposed to know all about it, and when they say that it is needlessly harsh and is preventing the flotation of securities, their words are usually received with respect. Two such men,

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Winthrop W. Aldrich and Charles S. McCain, both of the Chase National, a few days ago argued to this effect before the Banking and Currency Committee of the United States Senate, and their views were duly chronicled in the press. A reading of the text of their testimony, however, throws a light upon it which is somewhat different from that given by most newspapers. Senator Couzens, a member of the Committee, asked Mr. Aldrich for concrete examples of new security issues prevented by the law, to which Mr. Aldrich could only feebly reply, "I am not in the securities business at all." Members of the Committee recalled that these and other important bankers had opposed the Glass Bill for banking reform, and forced the witnesses to confess that they had been seriously wrong at that time. In the course of the testimony it became obvious that Ferdinand Pecora, who is not in the banking business and whose career has been in the New York criminal courts, knew a great deal more about some of the most important transactions of the Chase National Bank than did the two men who are directing its business.

IN VIEW of the evidence that the Chase Bank unloaded on the public, through its affiliate, millions of dollars' worth of questionable securities whose value was subsequently largely wiped out in receiverships, there was an ironic significance in Mr. Aldrich's testimony that "What excites anxiety are some of the civil liabilities imposed" on bankers and others if they fail to tell the whole truth about issues of securities in advance of getting investors to buy them. All well informed persons in Washington know that if Wall Street insists on bringing the Securities Law before Congress again, there is just as much chance that it will be strengthened as that it will be weakened. Certainly, if the bankers wish to impress the members of Congress with their testimony about the law, they ought to pick out witnesses able to demonstrate some knowledge of the subject aside from what they get in the whispered promptings of their counsel while on the stand.

MANY persons who have asked whether Governor Rolph could not be impeached for his attitude in regard to the recent San Jose lynching will be interested to know of the activities of the American Civil Liberties Union in connection with the case. The A.C.L.U. reports that there is no hope of action against Governor Rolph through the California legislature for more than a year, if at all. Their attorneys believe, however, that federal action is possible under Sections 51 and 52 of Title 18 of the United States Criminal Code, and they propose to urge such action. They have also offered a reward of $1,000 for information leading to the arrest and final conviction of any member of the San Jose lynching mob, and they are seeking to bring all possible pressure on the Santa Clara County authorities to institute an investigation of the lynching and an effort to fix responsibility.

EVIDENCE continues to accumulate that General Johnson and his aides are not much concerned with protecting the rights of consumers, and in particular that they do not take too seriously the Consumers' Advisory Board. For a recent concrete example, the Consumers' Board received more than one hundred petitions, signed by more than 20,000 individuals, protesting against prices under the Cleaning and Dyeing Trade Code. Yet the publicity bureau of the N.R.A., in its release of December 7, calmly starts with the following sentence:

> Telegrams and letters pouring into the offices of the Cleaning and Dyeing Trade Code Authority indicate the enthusiasm and approval with which the trade and consuming public generally are accepting the minimum prices fixed for the industry under the Code provisions.

This sort of thing happens too often to be attributed merely to poor liaison work between one government department and another. Until the administration begins to take the Consumers' Board more seriously, it will continue to seem, both to Washington and to the country as a whole, to be merely shadow-boxing.

WHEN these lines reach the eyes of New Republic readers, another Spanish uprising will probably have ended in defeat. The Anarcho-Syndicalists who, with the aid of the Communists, made this last desperate endeavor to save Spain for the revolution, apparently were not strong enough to succeed without the aid of the Socialist party and its trade unions. The latter uncompromisingly refused to participate in this outbreak, and supported the coalition government against the rebellious workers. It is questionable, to be sure, whether a revolutionary victory would have been possible under any circumstances at a moment when the Spanish bourgeoisie had so palpably demonstrated its great numerical superiority over the class-conscious industrial and agricultural proletariat in the elections. The government, encouraged by its sweeping victory at the polls, had established a "state of prevention," a mild state of siege, directed exclusively against the revolutionary elements. Spain, after a few years of greater political freedom, is again on the road to reaction, and Fascism, with its hatred of labor and labor organizations, is again raising its head. The Spanish revolution of two and a half years ago came when the revolutionary period that had been the aftermath of the World War had ebbed away. All over Europe militarism was again gaining power, and the lessons of the War were being rapidly forgotten. With the Spanish monarchy fell the last bulwark of European feudalism. The Spanish people celebrated their victory in a frenzy of revolutionary optimism, but the achievements they had hoped for and expected were never realized.

THE Republic justified its existence by proclaiming an ambitious program of agrarian reform providing

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for the colonization of landless farmers on the confiscated estates of the landed aristocracy. The Cortes gave it legal sanction, but execution faltered in the face of tremendous difficulties. The socialization of land was sabotaged by the land barons and the government met their opposition with half-hearted measures. There was not money enough to put into effect the irrigation plan which was the basis for any effective land reform, a project promised by monarch after monarch for centuries past but never carried out. Spain, more than any other nation in Europe, suffered under the rule of a sinister clericalism that held the population in ignorance and superstition and exploited the country. The young Republic undertook to overthrow this greatest enemy of Spanish cultural development and economic progress. It decreed the separation of Church and State and placed the clergy of Spain in dependence on their own resources, gaining for itself the enmity of the Pope, who hurled encyclical after encyclical against this new "Republic of hell that dared to flaunt the laws of God."

IN THIS extremity "democracy" came to the assistance of the Mother Church. In Germany the revolution was killed by the general election to the Constituant Assembly; in Spain it was the woman's vote that dug its grave. In no other country in Europe had women been so closed in by the four walls of the home, so subservient to the confessional, as here. Two years of republican freedom were no match for centuries of tradition and spiritual enslavement. The women, over 55 percent of them illiterate, helped the Church to regain the position it had lost through the revolution. But they were assisted by the failure of the revolution to keep its promises and by the rise of Fascism in the other countries of Europe. Santiago Alba, once a Minister under the monarchy, has been elected President of the Cortes, the Spanish parliament. In the next few days the Premier of the Coalition Cabinet, Diego Martinez Barrios, is expected to step down and will be succeeded by Alejandro Lerroux, a near-Fascist Republican, and by a ministry made up of the various conservative groups. Negotiations with the Holy See in Rome have already been announced.

SETTLEMENT, by the St. Louis Regional Labor Board, of a bitter thirteen weeks' strike of clothing workers in St. Louis, affecting some 1,600 workers, has five provisions:

> 1. Strike to cease, and no resort to be had for a year to strikes, boycotts, etc.
>
> 2. All striking employees, other than those excepted by the Board Chairman, will be reëmployed without discrimination.
>
> 3.-4. N.I.R.A., Section 7, and the Men's Clothing Code will be observed by the employer.
>
> 5. Any member of the Amalgamated may be represented by the Union "in connection with any personal complaint of such member, such as unjust discrimination, and unjust discharge. . . . It is understood and agreed, however, that any matter of general interest, such as hours, wages or matters of a general nature affecting the shop as a whole, shall not be included in the above provision."

Section 7a of the Recovery Act and the Code say that "employees shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing." Was this mandate accepted here? Not only was it not accepted, but it was definitely negated. The agreement permits union negotiation only on "personal complaints," but not on the really important things, such as hours, wages and conditions. General Johnson has said that "employers cannot refuse to bargain about conditions of employment with the self-chosen representatives of their workers." Senator Wagner, chairman of the National Labor Board, has said that "workers are free to choose anyone they desire to represent them." Regardless of their number, and of the wishes of non-union workers, union members have the complete right to demand and obtain recognition of their union as their representative. If the Union, as the workers' representative, cannot bargain about wages, hours and conditions, of what earthly use is Section 7a?

TWO other issues are presented by this St. Louis settlement. Collective bargaining is a meaningless abstraction unless it culminates in collective contracts, and so the National Labor Board has declared. In September, it ordered that a contract to elect employee representatives was not fulfilled on the employer's side merely by the election of these representatives, but that the contract was a specific promise to make collective agreements with them after they were elected. Positive economic action is necessary to make labor's theoretic rights effective. In any realistic sense, collective bargaining must result in a collective agreement. This was not provided for in the St. Louis settlement, and it is a very serious defect. The last issue in the case is a question of civil liberties. Note the exception in Clause 2 of the settlement: all strikers to be reemployed *other than those excepted by the Board chairman*. This clause releases employers from the duty of reëmploying those whose strike activities are judged to forfeit their right to consideration. It grew out of the refusal of the employers to accept former employees guilty of strike violence. This clause raises a very serious problem. Shall workers be penalized for active strike participation? "Violence" is an elastic word and can cover much that has become perfectly normal and proper in labor activity. Shall one be deprived of his livelihood for the legitimate exercise of the rights of his economic class against wanton suppression? In this very case there were 1,500 arrests, 150 on contempt of picket injunctions. Are all these under that atrocious ban? This last problem is a dual one. First, will the anti-injunction provision of the law be effective? Next, will active strike participants be pun-

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ished? Fortunately, here Judge MacDonald is to decide. But what assurance is there that in the next settlement this discretion will not be left to the employer?

THE decision of Judge Woolsey, of the United States District Court, that James Joyce's "Ulysses" is not obscene and may legally be admitted to this country is heartening for a number of reasons, besides being written in a judicial language which is a delight to read. It comes after a number of important victories over literary censorship. In the past few years such books as Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming," Mary Ware Dennett's "The Sex Side of Life," Dr. Marie Stopes' "Married Love" and a number of other works previously banned have been admitted to free circulation, most of them because of the new right of appeal over customs officials' rulings on the obscenity of works of art. In the past, if these experts decided that a book tended "to stir the sexual impulses or to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts," they virtually had the power to prevent others reading it unless it was obtained illegally. The engaging feature of Judge Woolsey's decision, however, and the quality which distinguishes it from his previous censorship rulings largely dealing with semi-medical works, is the care he devotes to such critical problems as the literary merit of a novel and the amount of consideration to which it is entitled if it possesses that merit, the responsibility of an author to his chosen technique and similar insufficiently considered matters. Here, and in his urbane definition of the man of "average sex instincts," he has set up a standard for future controversies of this sort, one it seems unlikely sincere writers could oppose. But that is only one feature of Judge Woolsey's decision. "The words which are criticized as dirty," he writes, "are old Saxon words known to almost all men and, I venture, to many women. . . . In respect to the recurrent emergence of the theme of sex in the minds of his [Joyce's] characters, it must always be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season Spring." The world, it seems, lost a fine essayist when Judge Woolsey turned his style and taste to the writing of legal opinions.

# The Muddle of Repeal

ONE WEEK after the end of prohibition, the situation in regard to the liquor trade is far from satisfactory. No doubt it was inevitable that this should be so. The effort to bring out into the light an enormous nationwide industry, and one with the deepest possible social implications, and to do this on short notice, was bound to result in confusion, annoyances and complaints of injustice. In fairness it is necessary to distinguish carefully between bad conditions which will rapidly die away in the next few weeks, and those which are likely to remain, or to be aggravated.

First of all comes the tangle created by varying state laws. In nearly half the states prohibition is still in effect under statewide statutes, and seems likely to continue for some time and in some cases perhaps permanently. In these states all the evils which repeal was supposed to end still continue. The bootlegger flourishes, the rising generation is debauched by seeing its elders flout the law, the racketeer and gangster find in this trade their chief reason for being. Indeed, enforcement is now rendered even more ridiculously impossible than ever in these states by the fact that adjacent territory is Wet. The federal government was unable, even in the early years of prohibition when enforcement was still taken seriously, to blockade the Canadian and Mexican borders and our oceanic shores. How in the world does it hope to make any more effective the patrol, which it has undertaken to establish, along the unguarded borders of the states themselves?

As a concrete example of this problem, there is a law which says that newspapers and magazines may not circulate in Dry states if they contain advertisements of liquor. Such advertisements are now an extremely important part of the advertising contents of a majority of periodicals. Technically, it is an actual violation of the postal laws for a newspaper to make over its edition in order to prepare special copies for readers in Dry states; but even if this provision is ignored, some periodicals will find the process prohibitively expensive if they have but a few readers in a Dry state, or in the Dry counties of a state which is partially Wet. Assuming that this law is not changed by Congress, one of two things is likely to happen. Either the unfortunate would-be subscriber in a Dry state will get his money back, with word that he may not read the periodical he wished, or by common consent, the law will be ignored and we shall have begun again the cycle of disobedience which repeal was supposed to cure.

A traveler in the United States who wishes to obey the law, unless he belongs to the dwindling band of fanatical prohibitionists, is going to have a hard time conforming to the statutes of the various commonwealths—except by carrying with him a formidable library of law books and consulting them assiduously. In one state, he can sit at a table and drink wine or beer, but can only consume spirits by purchasing a bottle and taking it "off the premises"—which sounds more like an invitation to inebriety than to temperance. In another state, he can drink hard liquor sitting down, but if he insists on standing, he may slake his thirst only with the milder refreshment of beer. Still elsewhere, he may drink anything he likes, standing, sitting or in any other posture his humor dictates. In a number of states they have sternly, not to say ferociously, forbidden the saloon, and substituted for it the "tavern"—which by happy accident is exactly like the saloon in everything but name.

These variations, however, are part of the bless-

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ing of states' rights and local autonomy, and the patient citizen must learn to endure them as preferable to a rigid federal autocracy. Much more serious are the developments in the course of putting all these multifarious laws to work. We are told, on good authority, that for months to come we shall continue to drink, however legally, bootleg liquor of dubious quality. There is a shortage of the new and good, there is a surplus, worth many million dollars, of the old and bad. It would be flying in the face of human nature to expect the proprietor of a restaurant to turn away customers choked and parching merely because the only source of liquors hard or soft is for the present the old reliable bootlegger.

We are told, again, that in setting up the new channels of supply, graft, influence and patronage have played their customary part. In certain cities, a few wealthy and important retailers enjoyed an inexplicable monopoly during the first few days of repeal and reaped a golden harvest because of this —doubtless fortuitous—circumstance. We are told, also, that in spite of stern edicts against the bootlegger, many well known speakeasies have been rewarded for a decade of law-breaking by shiny new licenses setting them up as restaurants or clubs. In at least one state—New York—it is now impossible for the most blameless of men to go into the restaurant business with any hope of purveying drink as well as food: which is social planning with a vengeance, and of a highly questionable sort to boot!

The question of retail prices is also one which is causing great concern. Those who said there was as much drinking under prohibition as there would be under repeal have shown themselves extremely bad prophets. Millions of people are buying as they have never bought before, and the resulting scarcity has sent up price lists to ridiculous heights —heights which have incidentally given the speakeasy and the bootlegger at least a temporary extra lease on life. Probably in a few weeks, when the service is better organized, these prices will have come down. It is a grave question, however, whether they will come down far enough to do away with the illicit sources which repeal was intended to abolish. Both the federal government and those of the various states are desperately in need of revenue at present. There is great danger that taxes will be imposed, especially on distilled spirits, which in combination will make legal liquor prohibitively expensive. If this is done, the long-time results of the Twenty-first Amendment are sure to be bitterly disappointing. President Roosevelt has set his face against high federal taxes, but he cannot control the states.

The authorities at Washington who suddenly find themselves in control of this matter are obviously doing their best to hold the scales of justice even as between the domestic brewer and distiller and the importer; but their efforts thus far have produced an uproar of complaint. Importers say that their quotas are ridiculously low. Foreign countries are inclined to resent the tariff bargaining which impends. Domestic distillers who do not use grain as their basic material charge that the administration is discriminating against them. It would be unfair to assume that in a few days' time, satisfactory regulations could be worked out; yet it is worth noting that at present the labels required by law on distilled liquor tell very much less about the quality of the product than the consumer has the right to know.

Looking toward the future, it is obvious that we have still refused to face the fundamental question in this whole matter—which is, that it is to the liquor man's interest to have people drink as much as possible, and that it is to the interest of society that drinking be done on a basis of temperance and with the highest possible standards of quality, as well as properly safeguarded surroundings. Most of the present troubles of the federal government could have been avoided if Mr. Roosevelt had had the courage to accept the proposal of the "liberal wing" of his administration and made the government the sole distributor in the liquor trade.

It is obvious that if every brewer, distiller and importer had one client and one alone—the United States government—Uncle Sam could then control the conditions of resale simply and effectively. It would be easy to maintain standards of price and quality. There would be an infinitely better chance of keeping liquor out of the Dry states. With an intelligent administration, the task of the bootlegger would be almost hopeless, for he could not compete either on quality or price. The President's decision showed that he is not yet ready, or believes the country is not yet ready, for such a drastic step (although Pennsylvania and Montana have adopted the principle of state monopoly, with every apparent likelihood of success). However, if the present painful conditions continue a few months longer, both the President and Congress may be more inclined to listen to this suggestion, which has worked successfully in other countries and is so completely in line with the dictates of common sense.

## A Labor Model for General Johnson

WITH regard to industries under the National Recovery Act, there has been bitter and continuous dispute concerning the interpretation of Section 7, which requires collective bargaining and forbids employers from influencing their employees in any way to join company unions. The obvious intent of the section was to foster unions independent of the employer, but in many industries this intent has not been put into practice. The administration of the N.R.A. has been laggard in enforcing the rights of the workers.

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An example of what honest and effective administration of this kind of provision would mean has just been furnished by Railroad Coördinator Joseph B. Eastman. In his statement of December 8 to the railroads, he outlines the provisions of Section 7a of the Emergency Railroad Transportation Act, which are roughly similar to those of Section 7a of the Recovery Act. As long ago as September, he had called the attention of the railroads to the fact that he is required to enforce these provisions along with the other parts of the law, and sent them a detailed questionnaire to discover whether the law was being obeyed. He also notified them that he expected, through his own staff, to check up the facts by investigation in the field. The results, now analyzed in his new statement, show that there are a number of railroads which do not comply, in their relations with certain classes of employees.

Twelve types of violations are listed. The offending carriers have meddled with the formation or retained some control over the constitutions, by-laws or rules of company unions. They have prescribed methods of election of employee representatives. They have participated in elections and sometimes counted the ballots. They have contributed financial support to company unions. They have paid salaries or expenses of company-union officials or committee members. They have participated in the collection of dues. They have extended special privileges to company-union members, such as group insurance. They have attempted to persuade employees to join company unions and not to join others. In various ways they have victimized employees for not joining company unions or for organizing or joining others. They have maintained lists of names of members of various labor organizations, for purposes of administering discipline and influencing employees with regard to membership. They have denied legitimate benefits to employees on account of membership or non-membership in various organizations. Those employers who have in the past required employees to sign contracts to join or not to join labor organizations (yellow-dog contracts) have not notified their employees that such contracts are now unlawful and not binding.

Though Mr. Eastman does not say so, there would be few obstacles to genuine collective bargaining if practices like these were not indulged in. They are going on now in many other industries. The very purpose of a company union is to enable the employer to retain control over the organization with which he is obliged to bargain. Mr. Eastman does say, "The fundamental principle is that a representative of one contracting party cannot be an effective representative if in the pay of or financially supported by the other. That such a situation is repugnant to sound ethics is recognized by the common law." And he says: "The principle now embodied in the law, in short, is that railroad managements must keep their hands off, so far as labor organizations are concerned. That this principle is sound is not open to question, if we believe, as we must, that employees are free American citizens and not a menial class subservient to the employing class. . . . Nothing will make for more dissatisfaction among railroad employees and affect their morale more adversely than attempts to undermine these sound principles, which are now a part of the law of the land."

The Railroad Coördinator does not confine his statement to a homily. He asks the railroads to comply with the law. He also reminds them that he can prosecute to require enforcement, and can apply penalties for violation. If the railroads fail to act, "I shall have no alternative under the law except to see to it, to the best of my ability, that its provisions are enforced, and this I shall do." After this warning he suggests—specifically and in detail—that the illegal practices be discontinued. He recommends that if any issue arises concerning what organization employees who have been subject to these illegal practices desire, an election shall be conducted "under impartial auspices" by the United States Board of Mediation to find out. He concludes by saying that these recommendations should be acted upon without delay. "Please advise me before the end of this month of the progress made so that further action on my part may be governed accordingly."

It is significant that "self-government in industry" as applied to the railroads is not being conducted by a trade association, or by a code authority composed principally of employer representatives. The railroad employers are organized, to be sure, and have their part to play—at least for a trial period. But final authority under the law rests with a public representative, a trained expert in railroads, who was not taken from the ranks of employers, but has for years been looking after the interests of the public. Mr. Eastman knows exactly what he is about; he takes his duties seriously as an administrator of the law for the people as a whole. It would be well if the country were so fortunate as to have men of like caliber and resolution responsible for the government of the industries under the N.R.A.

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# New England Is Waiting

TO GO from the Middle West into New England in this late autumn of 1933 is a striking experience. In the Middle West at least two classes are in more or less open revolt against the N.R.A.: the farmers and the big industrialists. They have communicated their prejudice to other groups until there are some towns where a Blue Eagle in a merchant's window is far more of a handicap than an asset. In New England, the farmer is less vocal, less hard hit by the depression and more conservative in politics. The New England industrialist in many cases is just as much opposed to the Roosevelt program as his Middle Western brother, but he is more tactful. He has learned to put a curb upon his tongue. For generations, he has seen the government at Washington operate, by and large, for his protection; fundamentally, he expects this process to continue.

*Some Statistics for Pollyanna.*—General business in New England since the inauguration of Mr. Roosevelt has followed much the same lines as general business throughout the country. March was the low point of the whole depression, with an index figure of 51.5 on a scale where 100 is normal. Thereafter, things improved with a speed unparalleled in our history, as manufacturers rushed to get in as much production as possible before their costs rose with the codification of industry, and distributors rushed to buy before prices went up. But consumer purchasing power was not created to take care of these vast new stocks of goods. The purchasing power of the average working man who had been continuously employed remained stationary or declined slightly from July to October; if he had an increase in his pay envelope, it was more than counterbalanced by the rise in the cost of living. While the total wage fund increased sharply over this period, its most important element was the increase represented by giving jobs to those who had been unemployed for long periods. Though they obtained some increase in purchasing power, it was of course far smaller than the total net addition to the wage fund would suggest, for many of these unemployed had been receiving regular aid from the cities, states and federal government. Therefore, business activity fell from the amazing high level of 93.9, attained in July, to about 71 in October, erasing about one-half of the gains made from April to July. These figures correspond very closely with those for the United States as a whole.

A striking fact about New England, however, is that industrial employment has not declined at all during this period. Both numbers employed and total wages paid have increased steadily (with a few minor setbacks here and there) throughout the year. Employment in manufacturing has gone up from a low of 50 points, late in 1932, to about 75. Wages have risen from less than 40 percent of normal to about 60. Car loadings in October were 5.4 percent higher than in July.

*Back from the South?*—It is suggested (there is as yet little statistical evidence) that one reason for New England's excellent showing in manufacturing is to be found in the transfer of textile-mill operations back to this area from the South, reversing the trend of the past two decades. Those who hold this view say that the minimum-wage provisions of the textile code are responsible. Labor in the South is less efficient than in the North; and the manufacturer argues that if he must pay $12 a week in the South, he might as well pay one additional dollar and get the high individual output of the New England worker. The index number of employment in cotton textiles in this region has risen steadily, from 28 in August, 1932, to 55.2 in August, 1933, 57.8 in September and 60.3 in October. Even more striking are comparative statistics on mill operations for New England and the South (the cotton-growing states). Using June, 1932, as a base, cotton consumption had increased by September, 1933, in New England 124.9 percent and in the South only 46.1 percent. Active spindles had increased in New England 70.3 percent and in the South by 15.1 percent. Spindle hours had gone up in New England 144.9 percent and in the South 51.5 percent.

These figures are at least partially confirmed by newspaper accounts from Southern cities of the closing of various types of plants (including textile mills and others) and the transfer of their operations to the North. These reports say that the first to be dismissed since the new minimum wage went into operation are Negroes; then white women, and last, white men. How serious is this development is a matter which could be determined only after investigation by the federal authorities.

*Nearing the Top of the Dam.*—The New England Council and the National Industrial Conference Board have recently investigated conditions under the N.R.A. in New England, obtaining extensive reports from 369 manufacturing establishments. Whether these figures are accurate and typical for large-scale industry it is hard to say; but I believe they are. They agree in the main with the reports of the highly efficient Massachusetts State Department of Labor and Industries; and I can see no reason why the manufacturers responding voluntarily to the request for information should not be a typical sampling.

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Of these establishments, about 90 percent are operating under codes. This is far above the percentage for large and small industries together, which is still less than 50. Among 312 of these companies, factory employment increased from June to October by 20.7 percent, but man hours only 1.3 percent. Average weekly hours worked decreased 16 percent. Weekly earnings increased by only 6 percent. These figures would seem to indicate an honest attempt to comply with the terms of the codes, but they also indicate the comparative futility of that attempt as anything more than a "share-the-work" movement. Hours were shortened, wages slightly increased, and more men were employed to produce the same amount. Meanwhile the cost of living went up to balance, or more than balance, the increases in wages. In many plants, there is reason to believe pay rolls were "rearranged" to make the increased expenditures on pay rolls less than they might appear. While workers who had been getting less than the new minimum were brought up to it, other workers with much larger wages were "reclassified"—dismissed from their posts and reëmployed at lower rates. (This has gone on, not only in New England, but throughout the country.)

The most ominous fact is one revealed by a comparison of production and inventory (goods on hand) with sales. Production in 312 New England factories increased from June to October by 10.4 percent. Inventory increased by 10.9 percent. But sales increased only by one-tenth of one percent! In other words, manufacturers are still making goods in excess of the actual demand, and both they and to some extent wholesalers and retailers are now loaded up with unsold stock. Unless both consumer demand and the demand for capital goods increase suddenly and violently, production seems certain to slacken off, and with it, employment. Prices, which have recently been decreasing slightly, are likely to decline again much faster and with a tendency to resume the downward spiral of deflation. The water is reaching the top of the dam; if it is not carried off by the sluice gates of orderly distribution, the dam will go out.

*Wanted: a Stimulus to Capital Goods.*—In New England, as elsewhere, production of consumer goods has run far ahead of capital goods. In October, according to the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industries, boots and shoes were manufactured at a rate which was 90.1 percent of an estimated "normal." Bread and bakery products were at 93.8, confectionery 105.7, cotton goods 94.8, knit goods 108 and woolen and worsted goods at 103.6. But when we turn to capital goods, we find electrical machinery only 44.5 percent of normal, machine tools 46.1, foundry products 51.3, machine-shop products 58.4, railroad car and shop activity 66.6, iron and steel products 70.1 These two sets of figures suggest why it is that the government program of public works is so impatiently awaited—in New England and all over the country.

*Uncle Sam to the Rescue.*—In one respect New England and the corn-and-hog belt are strictly identical: both are counting on Washington to come to their aid. So far as New England is concerned, nothing in the whole history of the Roosevelt administration has been such a complete and unqualified success as the Civil Works Authority. By some miracle, the C.W.A. managed to walk around the barbed-wire entanglements of bureaucracy and begin sending out federal pay checks almost instantly. Many thousands of unemployed persons were at work within a fortnight, all over the New England states. Some of them are chopping down old apple orchards, with the hope that the elimination of their substandard fruit may make it possible for New England apples once more to be admitted to the British Isles. Others are building new airports—the whole country is apparently to be peppered with them. Some are building municipal golf courses. One of the important projects is to put unemployed teachers back into the classrooms: in Boston it was stated a few days ago that the plans about to be inaugurated would take care of all the teachers now on the unemployed list, at wages ranging from $5 to $7 a day. Frenzied attempts are being made to think up other projects which are appropriate for white-collar workers.

No one should, of course, feel that the C.W.A. is anything more than a temporary stop-gap. The highest wages paid under it will not be large enough to make any important increase in consumer purchasing power. While it means some increase in capital goods, when C.W.A. workers are used for roads and building construction, it is unlikely that this will be large enough to be significant compared with the results of the public-works program, when, as and if that program is in full operation. Perhaps its greatest immediate benefit is in transferring to the federal government much of the relief problem of overburdened communities, many of which are on the edge of bankruptcy—or over it.

The C.W.A., of course, is not the only funnel through which Uncle Sam's money is flowing into New England. Ten million dollars is now being expended for true federal projects—the army, the navy, coast guard, treasury, etc. A total of $18 million more has been promised from the $400 million highway fund, although only half of this has got as far along as definite contracts. Of the actual federal public-works money, about $18 million has been allotted to New England. Of this sum, however, according to the New England Council, only 4.5 percent had received final approval on November 1. The rest was tied up in one stage or another of the complicated series of approvals and cross-approvals which are involved in the present plan of procedure. In addition to these sums one must note that assistance for unemployment relief, first through the R.F.C. and afterward through the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, has amounted for New England to $15 million. Eighty-seven camps of the Civilian Conservation Corps in

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this area are taking care of about 17,000 young men.

The Home Owners' Loan Corporation has done something for persons who were about to lose their homes. To be exact, up to November 1, it had saved 1,024 homes out of 26,056 for which aid was asked—almost exactly 4 percent. What became of the other 96 percent? God knows. The Farm Credit Administration has loaned in this area about $15 million, most of it to coöperative associations.

*American Tragedies.*—The Pullman conductor (off duty, and deadheading back to his home) came into the smoking compartment and sat down. He took off his cap and ran his fingers through his grizzled, graying hair. It was obvious that he had to speak to somebody or burst.

"You wouldn't believe," he said, "that a man could come down in the world so fast and so far in four years, would you? In 1929, I had as pretty a home in a suburb right outside the division terminal as you could ask for. A hundred-foot lot, and the house right in the middle of it. My wife's dead, but I have two grown-up daughters and a son, both girls married, both their husbands and my son fine young fellows that never gave anybody a day's anxiety in their lives. Sure, I had some money saved up, and I was playing the market like everybody else. Thought I couldn't lose. Figured I could quit the road in a few more years and take it easy.

"Today my son and both my sons-in-law are out of work, and the whole five of 'em is living with me. It's more'n a year since one of them has had anything to do at all. I'm only on the run special now, and I'm lucky if I get to work three days a week. The stock market took all I had in the bank, and now it looks like I'm going to lose my house. Sure, I been to that Home Owners' Loan Corporation, but there's some kind of legal technicality and they say they can't help me. The fellow that has my mortgage, he's about as hard up as me.

"Say, ain't it lucky you can't look ahead and see what is coming? There's one thing I've said to the children, that since we had to lose Mother, I'm glad she went before things came to this. . . ."

After a minute he turned to me again with genuine enthusiasm shining in his eyes. "Say, you oughta see that house! In the middle of the lot that way it don't matter how much noise the neighbors make, it's always quiet at night. I've never yet taken one of the boys home there that he didn't admit it was a wonderful location." Then after a long pause, and with a shake of the head, "Well, you never know."

It was a bitterly cold day in Boston, and my taxi driver beat his hands together as we waited for the light to turn green. "Sure cold, ain't it?" he said. "I've been trying hard to get some kind of indoor job for the winter, but say, try and get it! I'm lucky to be on this cab, at that. There's a lot of fellows would be tickled to death to get the job.

"Have I been in some other line? I'll say! Four years ago I owned three laundries, right here in Boston. They weren't very big, but they were doing all right. Then like a damn fool I had to buy a fleet of delivery wagons, on time, and, sure, I was playin' the market like everybody else. I lost my laundries and I lost my shirt, too. Since then I've done darn near everything. I've got a wife and two kids, and I have to hustle like hell to keep a roof over their heads."

Typical stories of the lower middle class: if they are poignant it is because they are so common. Everybody knows a dozen or a hundred like them. The most striking thing about the depression is that many of its victims are so completely without any resentment for what has happened to them. Not all, of course, but thousands and thousands of them regard it as a natural calamity, beyond human control, probably beyond human rectification. This natural calamity was aggravated for them individually because they were gambling: "Sure, I was playin' the market." The bitterness which makes for Fascist philosophy has not reached them yet—maybe it will later, if things keep on getting worse. Now, they just blow on their hands, grin sheepishly, and go on doing the best they can.

Boston. BRUCE BLIVEN.

# Maryland: Storm Warning

UP TO A certain point the recent outbreaks of mob violence in Maryland conform to behavior patterns familiar to every sociologist. We have the usual decaying community, the usual interracial economic stress, the criminal of low mental age and the community leadership paralyzed by fear; all of which are well known to everyone who has made even a superficial investigation of lynchings.

But there is a point at which the Maryland situtation seems to depart from what may be termed the normal pattern; and at this point, at the battle of Salisbury when the mob fought with the soldiers for the release of men charged with lynching, it becomes unusually interesting. Here there were elements in the situation which appertain less to race than to class war. Many investigators have pointed out certain conditions which seem to be indispensable to the production of the lynching spirit. They are all present in Maryland. The community involved is an isolated and backward one. Life is hard on the lower Eastern Shore and has been growing harder for the last four years. The light, sandy soil makes it a moderately good truck-farming region, but between the lower Shore and the markets in Wilmington, Philadelphia and Baltimore, lie the five counties of the upper shore and the whole of Delaware. Between it and the Washington market lies Chesapeake Bay, while all southern Maryland can drive its trucks straight into the District of Columbia. Between it and the Norfolk market lies the Eastern Shore of Virginia,

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and a long ferry from Cape Charles. The lower Shore is in the unfortunate position of the afflicted man at the pool of Bethesda—at those rare intervals when the angel troubles the waters of trade, whether in Wilmington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington or Norfolk, others can always get there first. Lately the waters have rarely been troubled.

Since the depression set in, the geographical handicaps of the lower Shore have been sharply accentuated. Through no fault of their own, the Shoremen have seen their position growing worse and worse, not merely absolutely, but, what is harder to bear, relatively to their neighbors as well. Hard times intensify racial antipathies anywhere in the world by adding the stress of economic competition to race prejudice. The Eastern Shore has a relatively large Negro population, and Shoremen feel that the lower standard of living of the Negroes gives them an unfair advantage. Furthermore, employers have found that for the roughest sort of unskilled labor a Negro of low mentality is satisfactory and cheaper than an intelligent one.

Within the last two years three spectacular crimes have been committed on the lower Shore by Negroes apparently of this type. The first of the three was the slaughter of an entire family near Berlin, in Worcester County. A farmer, his wife and two children were butchered in their beds. The police promptly arrested a Negro named Euel Lee. The man was obviously of a low type, mentally, but he was not insane in the legal sense, and in the community there was no doubt of his guilt. Nevertheless, it required two long years to get him hanged, because three judges on the Eastern Shore and later one on the Western Shore made gross errors in handling the case, and a clever lawyer representing the International Labor Defense took instant advantage of each of them. In the meantime, the second crime, this one a simple murder without any fancy accompaniments, had resulted in a lynching in Salisbury, metropolis of the Eastern Shore and county seat of Worcester County. An investigation attempted by the Attorney-General of Maryland was converted into a broad farce by the Worcester County grand jury, which heard the evidence in secret and refused to indict anyone.

Still the Euel Lee case dragged its weary way from appellate court to appellate court—it reached the Supreme Court of the United States once—and while the Berlin murderer was still unhanged a white woman seventy-one years old charged that she had been raped by a Negro in Somerset County. The man, George Armwood by name and of mentality even lower than Euel Lee, was arrested and brought to Baltimore for safekeeping.

The state of feeling in Somerset County is beyond description. It was freely predicted that here would be another Euel Lee case, and the county authorities, especially John B. Robins, the State's Attorney, and Robert F. Duer, judge of the First Judicial Circuit, were blamed for permitting the Negro to be taken away. As it happens, both men come up for reëlection in about a year. It is charitable to assume that political fears overcame State's Attorney Robins, because otherwise one must assume either that he is insane or that he deliberately set about to provoke a lynching; for he ordered Armwood brought back to Princess Anne, county seat of Worcester, and held in the flimsy jail there.

Under Maryland law he had a right to take this action. But the state authorities sent with the Negro only a handful of state police, and there is reason to believe, too, that the police had been ordered not to shoot. At any rate, when the mob arrived the officers fought only with clubs and a pitifully inadequate supply of tear-gas grenades, and George Armwood was lynched with hideous incidental touches—his ears cut off for souvenirs, his naked body partially burned and left lying in the street.

Robins professed to have no evidence against anyone, and again the Attorney-General of Maryland, William P. Lane, intervened. Within a few days he sent word to Robins that he had evidence against nine men, gave their names, and asked that they be arrested and brought before a magistrate to be committed for trial. Robins flatly refused to make the arrests. The judges of the First Circuit, of whom Duer is one, refused to relieve him and appoint a special attorney who would act. Then after two weeks, Governor Ritchie ordered Milton A. Reckord, Adjutant-General of Maryland, to take a battalion of troops from Baltimore to the Eastern Shore and arrest the men.

General Reckord mobilized a battalion of the Maryland National Guard, loaded them into trucks, and descended upon Salisbury in the early hours of November 28. Four of the men he arrested, but here the military movement went wrong: the truck carrying the field kitchen had broken down and the officer delayed until the kitchen could be brought in and his men fed, instead of carrying his prisoners before the magistrate immediately. By the time the men had had breakfast, the General found himself besieged in Salisbury armory by a mob of two thousand Shoremen. All morning the battle raged, the mob employing fire-hose, bricks and stones against the troops and the soldiers responding with gas bombs. At noon the detachment fought its way out and returned to Baltimore with its prisoners. Hot on their heels came the sheriff of Worcester County with writs of habeas corpus issued by Judge Duer. The prisoners were returned to Princess Anne. The judge would grant the state no delay to permit it to collect its witnesses and present its evidence. The prisoners were triumphantly freed.

The battle of Salisbury is the point at which the Maryland situation departs from the traditional pattern of mob outbreaks and begins to assume a different character. When the regiment entered Salisbury, it was regarded, not as armed forces of the town's own government, but as an invading army of enemies. The ensuing battle was frankly a fight, not in behalf of lynchers, but against the

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government of Maryland. At Annapolis the next day Eastern Shore members of the legislature were wrathfully demanding the impeachment of Governor Ritchie for doing his obvious duty.

The mere attempt to arrest a few men charged with the crime of lynching hardly accounts for all this. It is evident that the lower Shore cherishes a very genuine hatred of constituted authority in the state. Nor is this sense of grievance altogether impossible to understand. The government of Maryland, especially during the long reign of Governor Ritchie, has been distinctly a government of gentlemen. Albert Cabell Ritchie is an extraordinarily shrewd politician, but he is also an aristocrat. The higher state offices are all filled by men who, while they may not be direct descendants of the Calverts, are at least gentlemanly fellows and as efficient as similar officials elsewhere. But this type of government, with all its excellences, has one defect that is serious at this moment. It is anything but supple. For example, the public-works program in Maryland has been extremely slow in getting under way. Month after month the state authorities have debated over which of a dozen projects suggested was best. Month after month has been lost in the effort to make sure that the state's credit was fully protected. Meanwhile, the distress of the unemployed has grown more and more acute.

The Court of Appeals in the Euel Lee case, as another example, rendered an admirable decision; but it did nothing to expedite the processes of the law, although the honorable members of the court ought to have known that the law's delay was subjecting the lower Eastern Shore to a fearful strain. The net result is that Shoremen feel that neither the executive nor the judiciary knows much about their needs or cares much about their distresses. So they regard the government of their own state as an alien thing, defy its decrees and meet its soldiers with showers of curses and stones.

Of course, this is not clear in the minds of the people of the Eastern Shore. They haven't thought it through. They haven't thought at all. Like the masses of the people everywhere else, they have only felt; and their feeling is not conducive to confidence in government by gentlemen. Government by such as these has proved wholly incompetent to relieve the distresses of the people. If such a government is flouted, why should common men regard the fact as particularly appalling? They don't, on the Eastern Shore. They are proud of their rebellion. In part this is due to sympathy with the lynchers; but in considerable part it is due to dislike of the government of their state. Yet, as governments go, theirs is a pretty good one; it is merely stiff-jointed, too class-bound to respond quickly to the needs and desires of the people. But this failure to maintain contact with the masses in this time of crisis has set the masses to rioting in the streets.

In the roar of the Salisbury mob, very faint and far away, but perceptible to an attentive ear, there sounded something more than the voice of the jungle—there sounded an echo of the drums of the revolution.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

# Five Days in Decatur

HAYWOOD PATTERSON has been found guilty again—for the third time—and for the third time has been sentenced to death. The other Scottsboro defendants are being tried and some of their cases will have been decided before these words appear in print. What has happened to Patterson is almost certain to happen to them.

I am a Southerner and I know how the South feels about cases like this. We dislike criticism, it makes us furious when it appears in Northern newspapers, and we all have an impulse to defend "the honor of the South." That impulse comes down to us from the Civil War. The honor of the South, however, may be defended in various ways. One way is the way it is being defended here in the courtroom at Decatur. Another is to get beyond the blur of our fixed ideas and settled convictions and admit that what is taking place here is cruel and tragic and unnecessary.

I, as a Southerner, have been asked to write a short account of Haywood Patterson's trial. Here it is. It will be read by many Southerners. It is to them, especially, that I would like to say: "This is what is happening in Decatur. This is what is happening to the honor of the South."

*Monday.*—It takes a long time to get a jury, but finally one is selected. Ten of them are farmers, one is a house-painter, one owns a small store. Most of them have gray hair. Their faces are tanned and deeply wrinkled, not intelligent or unintelligent, typical faces of the deep rural South. Each one of them, under questioning, has declared he has no prejudice against the Negro. Each has said this under oath and men in the deep rural South take oaths on the Bible very seriously. They are sure they are telling the truth, they would not deliberately lie after swearing on the Bible, but perhaps they do not know what a prejudice means. They have no prejudice against the Negro, so they have sworn, but they are white and the Negro is black and behind them lies the distinction which has prevailed in the South for over a hundred years. They have no prejudice against the Negro, but the Negro belongs to a lower class and smells bad and has a black skin and is one of the punished sons of Ham.

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After the jury is seated, Judge Callahan slaps his hand on the bench and calls for the first witness. Judge Callahan's name is William Washington Callahan. He looks the way a Hollywood producer thinks a Southern judge should look. He has thinning silver hair which stands up straight when he runs his fingers through it and broad shoulders and wears silver-rimmed spectacles. He is given to making caustic remarks, most of which are directed at Samuel S. Leibowitz, New York attorney for the defense. Once, after a verbal clash, he tells Mr. Leibowitz to sit down. Mr. Leibowitz starts to answer but the judge cuts him short.

"Sit down, Mr. Leibowitz!"

The New York lawyer obeys and the crowd in the courtroom bursts into laughter. Judge Callahan slaps violently on the bench several times and tells the crowd he wants none of that foolishness. The laughter subsides but there are running undertones of conversation.

"He ain't goin' to stand for none of that New York smart stuff."

"We got us a man on the bench this time."

"He ain't goin' to be free-'n'-easy like Judge Horton."

Judge Horton is the judge who presided over the Scottsboro trial here in Decatur last spring. It was he who declared a mistrial in the case. He did not gain any popularity by doing so. The Alabama general elections are to be held next May. Judge Horton, who has not been opposed for years, will have two aspirants running against him. His defeat is taken for granted. Judge Callahan is also running for reëlection. There are many voters in the courtroom and there is more feeling against the Jewish lawyer from New York than there is against the Negro boys.

*Tuesday.*—The first witness for the state, Mrs. Victoria Price, is being cross-examined by the Jewish lawyer from New York. Mrs. Price, who accuses the Scottsboro boys of having raped her in a gondola car while she and a companion, Ruby Bates, were on a hobo trip, is a young woman in her early thirties. She looks much older. She has a hard, bitter face and her accent is strikingly Negroid. She is known to be a prostitute. She came into the courtroom chewing gum, but before she took the witness stand she spit her gum upon the floor. She wears a hat with a seductive half-veil but more than a half-veil is needed to make her seductive.

Victoria Price hates Samuel Leibowitz. There are moments when, answering his questions, her lips retract themselves over her teeth in a snarl. Leibowitz forces her to describe her condition after the alleged attack. She says she was hit with the butt of a pistol, punched in the face, thrown by savage hands, torn and bleeding. Leibowitz hurls questions at her, revealing discrepancy after discrepancy in her story. She answer with rising rage and glaring eyes. Leibowitz asks Judge Callahan to instruct the witness to answer with more respect. Judge Callahan tells Leibowitz to treat the witness with more respect. A murmur of approval rises from the courtroom. Victoria Price is a prostitute, every man in the courtroom knows this is true, but Leibowitz is a Jewish lawyer from New York.

During the course of the cross-examination, as Victoria Price flounders more and more helplessly in the mire of her own making, unable to remember what she said a moment before, she frequently glances toward Attorney-General Thomas E. Knight, Jr., for assistance. Mr. Knight is a young man but he has already gone far in politics. He is ambitious to go farther. In the May elections he will run for Lieutenant-Governor.

Leibowitz undertakes to show that on the night before the alleged attack occurred, Victoria Price and Ruby Bates spent the night and had sexual intercourse with two white men in the hobo jungles outside of Chattanooga. It is a vital piece of evidence. Upon it may depend the lives of eight boys. The facts are not denied and in the trial before Judge Horton this evidence was allowed to be introduced into the official record. But Knight rises to object. He bases his objection on the grounds that the evidence is immaterial.

"Objection sustained," drones Judge Callahan.

Leibowitz, doggedly determined, makes a second effort to introduce the evidence. Again Knight objects. Again Callahan sustains the objection. "I have warned you, Mr. Leibowitz, not to try to place illegal evidence before the jury. Don't try to do it again!"

Judge Callahan is not going to support a New York Jew against the Attorney-General of the state of Alabama. Not that Tommy Knight needs anybody to take care of him. No, sir. Tommy Knight can take care of himself. Alabama needs men like Tommy Knight. He'll make a good Lieutenant-Governor. Yes, sir!

*Tuesday Night.*—This is the first night session of the trial. Judge Callahan is keeping his promise about speeding things up. Haywood Patterson is on the witness stand. His woolly hair is slicked down and he is dressed in a purple sweater, a white shirt and a pair of brown trousers. He is very black. It is said of him that he looks like a bad nigger. In the South some Negroes are said to look like good niggers and some are said to look like bad niggers. It is impossible to describe what makes one Negro look like a bad nigger and another look like a good nigger, but the distinction is there.

Patterson tells his story very simply. He was on the train, he and the other Negroes got into a fight with some white boys, he helped drive the white boys off the train—but he did not attack any women. He did not know any white women were on the train. He knew nothing about a rape.

"If I had," he says, "I'd of gotten off the train."

The state subjects him to a severe cross-examination but nothing can shake his simple, straightforward tale. There is none of the lurid involved

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confusion of the elaborate melodrama recited by Victoria Price and the other star witness of the state, Orville Gilley, self-announced poet and reciter of poetry, hobo and bum and wandering troubador, Carolina Slim.

Some of the other boys take the stand. The first is Willie Robinson. Willie is the type of Negro called in the South an ape. It is better, however, to look like an ape than it is to look like a bad nigger. There is something comic about a Negro who looks like an ape. Willie has a hanging lower lip that bares his under teeth and a wild shock of bushy hair. His story is even more simple than that of Patterson. He was in a box-car on the train and did not leave it until he was taken by the posse at Paint Rock, where the train was stopped. He knew nothing about a rape nor could he have participated in a rape even if he had wanted to. He says he was suffering from venereal disease. "I couldn't barely move. I was in a bad way."

Willie is followed by Ozey Powell and Olin Montgomery and Andy Wright. Powell's story is also simple: he was on the train, he saw the fight but did not take part in it, he saw no white girls and knew nothing about a rape. Olin is almost blind. One eye is out and the other is very weak. He cannot see five feet ahead. He walks blindly to the witness stand, stumbling over a chair. "Nossuh, Ah didn't see no white girls. Ah knowed dere was a fight, Ah could hear de boys yellin', but Ah didn't do nothin' to no white girls." Andy Wright is still a young boy. He always seems to be smiling but he is not really smiling. When he was first arrested and taken to the Scottsboro jail, one of the guardsmen who was suposed to help protect him from the mob jabbed him in the cheek with a bayonet. The wound is better now but there is a scar and when the wound healed it so contracted his cheek that he always seems to be smiling.

"Yessuh, I was in the fight. I didn't do much fightin' myself because I had mah lil brother to take keer of, but I was in the car whar the fight was goin' on. Nossuh, I didn't see no white girls. I didn't see them ontil they took us off the train at Paint Rock. Nossuh, I didn't do nothin' to no white girls. I was jist in a rock-fight, that's all."

The crowd pushes its way from the courtroom and goes down the stairs. Outside it is colder. A man smoking a corncob pipe takes the pipe from his mouth and says to a group of companions. "I been around niggers all my life and I can allus tell when a nigger is lyin'. Them boys ain't. It'd take more than's been shown against them to make me send them to the chair."

*Thursday.*—Today is Thanksgiving. All the evidence in the case has been presented—all the evidence, that is, which Judge Callahan has allowed to be presented. Dr. R. R. Bridges, a Scottsboro physician, has told how he found Victoria Price when he examined her a few hours after the alleged attack. Victoria Price says she was bruised and beaten and bleeding, she says she had a swollen nose and a cut lip and a wound on her forehead, she says she was bleeding from her vagina, but Dr. Bridges says he found only a few scratches on her wrist, which could have been caused a hundred different ways, and two small blue spots on her back. Somebody is lying and it is not Dr. Bridges, and a woman is not raped by six Negroes with only a few scratches on her wrist and two small blue spots on her back to show for it.

Dr. Bridges has also testified that he found signs which indicated that Victoria Price had recently had sexual intercourse. He made it very clear, however, that such signs did not mean that she had been raped. It might easily be, although this the doctor did not say, that she had spent the night before with a white man—perhaps in the jungles just outside of Chattanooga. It is well known that she did, witnesses are in the courtroom to testify to it, but his learned honor Judge William Washington Callahan has ruled that this is not legal evidence, that it has no bearing on the case.

The arguments began yesterday afternoon. Mr. Wade Wright made the first speech and H. G. Bailey, the Scottsboro solicitor who acted as prosecutor during the original trial, followed him. Mr. Wade Wright is a youngish man but is paunchy and has a sagging double chin. He started off in a conversational tone but in a few minutes he was bellowing. His words bounced back from the walls like tennis balls. For his text he took the words Victoria Price said were spoken by Haywood Patterson when the Negroes piled into the car in which she was riding: "All you white sons-of-bitches unload." These words, said Mr. Wright, showed that the whole affair was a premeditated crime. He talked to the jurors in their own language. He made numerous references to God Almighty and talked about the worst crime ever committed under God's shining sun. The folks said, after the session, that it was one of the best talks Wade Wright ever made.

Mr. Bailey is a gray man . . . gray hair, gray eye, gray eyebrows, gray clothes. There even seems to be a grayish pallor to his skin. He also began with the line about white sons-of-bitches. He repeated it several times. Gradually the point was getting home, gradually the meaning behind the words was sinking into the jurors' minds. White sons-of-bitches. White sons-of-bitches. The Negroes had not said Mister or Miss. They had not even said white-folks. They had said white sons-of-bitches.

"I don't care what they say about Victoria and Ruby, let them say what they want, but instead of painting their faces and standing on the streets of Huntsville, they were brave enough to go to Chattanooga and look for honest work. They are not as fortunate as some girls . . . not petted and pampered and raised in the lap of luxury . . . but women, gentlemen of the jury, women.

"They say this is a frame-up! They have been yelling frame-up ever since this case started! Who

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framed them? Did Tom Dobbin frame them? Did Brother Hill frame them? We did a lot of awful things over there in Scottsboro, didn't we? My, my, my. And now they come over here and try to convince you that that sort of thing happened in your neighboring county."

Samuel Leibowitz opened the argument for the defense. Mr. Leibowitz is a brilliant lawyer and his handling of the case under the rulings of a hostile judge is something to be marveled at, but he is a Jew and lives in New York. His plea to the jury was a masterpiece of orderly logic and legal design. He examined the evidence in detail and showed how impossible it was for Victoria Price to have been attacked. He indulged in but little sound and little fury. He ripped no passions to tatters. He made no speech. The crowd began to leave during his argument like the audiences during the last act of a vaudeville show.

This morning Mr. George W. Chamlee, the Chattanooga attorney who so efficiently defended the Communists who were arrested in Chattanooga several years ago, resumed for the defense. Mr. Chamlee knows the South and knows its language. As he stands before the jury, waving his hands in a slightly fluttering gesture peculiar to him, the entire courtroom listens to what he has to say. Mr. Chamlee is a Southerner and knows only too well what has happened. His simple and homely eloquence, his sincere plea for an acquittal, is like a cool wind blowing across inflamed minds.

Attorney-General Knight follows Mr. Chamlee, however, and what has been cooled is inflamed again. The jurors say they are not prejudiced, they have sworn it on the Bible, but in their minds are coiled all the old images of distrust and suspicion and fear. Again the line is heard: "All you white sons-of-bitches unload." The jury understands now. It has all been made very clear to them.

Judge Callahan slaps on the desk and begins to charge the jury. His charge lasts for over an hour. One of the things he tells the jury is that the condition of Victoria Price as reported by Dr. Bridges is to be taken as an indication of rape. He is so engrossed in telling the jury how to find the defendant guilty that he completely forgets to tell them what to do in case they find him innocent.

*Friday.*—The courtroom has been crowded every day now since Monday and the air is thick and vile. There is the smell of old perspiration and old tobacco smoke and the heavy smell of muddy brogans. The jury has been out almost twenty-five hours. The court is trying to select a jury for the second trial, that of Clarence Norris. At five o'clock exactly there is a loud knock on the door of the room in which the jury has been deliberating. When the jury files out and lines up before the judge's bench it is so still you can hear a radio playing in a house across the street. The foreman of the jury hands the clerk a slip of paper on which the verdict is written. The clerk reads it out in a loud voice. The verdict is guilty. Punishment is fixed at death. The silence persists. Mr. Chamlee turns his head toward the Patterson boy, who sits with unchanged expression in a chair against the wall. Mr. Chamlee whispers something to him and Patterson answers with a timid smile. You can still hear the radio playing. You can hear it until Judge Callahan's voice blots it out. He is thanking the jurors for their services in the name of justice and the state of Alabama.

HAMILTON BASSO.

# The Press Gets a Code

THE REQUIREMENT that they sign and abide by a code under the National Recovery Act is probably the most annoying thing that has happened to American newspaper publishers in the past forty years. Thousands of them regard it as nothing more nor less than an outrage; it is the end of the Constitution and a Cossack invasion of their private right, never heretofore questioned, to enter unilateral contracts with their employees in the editorial departments, the employees to be subject to instant discharge at any and all times for any reason or none.

No wonder the publishers raise the issue of the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press! Of course it has no bearing upon regulation of hours and terms of employment under the National Recovery Act, but they wouldn't know that. Not one in fifty has been an editor nor would one in a thousand recognize a clear-cut issue of freedom of the press under constitutional guarantee if it confronted him. They are business men. Years ago they were rudely shocked by the unionization of their printers, who imposed and enforced terms of employment that transformed them from drunken tramps to sober, home-owning citizens, and now they are threatened with curtailment of their uncounted thousands of child laborers and loss of their right to discharge reporters and editors or cut their wages at will. The Red menace is at their door!

No doubt the public discussion of the code (which is still pending as this is written) has brought to light facts that surprised many readers. I am sure they must find it hard to believe that these great institutions for spreading light and uplift were themselves far from model employers. On that point I have been amazed that politicians and business institutions such as the U. S. Steel Corporation when under attack never replied with a few salient facts about employment conditions on newspapers. Ignorance must account for the oversight, because the facts have always been available, facts that would have exploded like a sixteen-inch shell.

I recall that when I was employed as a cub reporter on The San Antonio Express of San Antonio, Texas, I was informed that my wage would be seven dollars a week and my hours from half-past noon until midnight, with Sundays off. I worked

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one year without a day off. My hours were from half-past noon until half-past two o'clock the following morning, which is to say fourteen hours a day seven days a week. From time to time I would get so tired that I simply could not stumble down to the office and would spend the day in bed. I was always docked for the lost day. This condition was common among newspapers outside of the very largest cities, and to a considerable extent still is.

Any worker in the editorial department was expected to give two weeks' notice when he wished to resign, and to the best of my knowledge all did during the sixteen years that I spent in newspaper work, but only a very few newspapers ever gave notice when they discharged a man. He simply came to work and discovered that he was not wanted that day or any other day. Some of the more humane publishers had been troubled by the suffering this caused. They were also moved by the annoyance to their other employees when discharged men hung around trying to borrow small sums with which to buy food, and the more progressive discovered a remedy. They did not pay a new man his wages for the first two weeks so that when he finally left, usually discharged, he would get the two weeks' wages that had been withheld. This custom was common in the Middle West for a quarter of a century and, I think, still is. I have been told that it was initiated by The Kansas City Star and I have heard it highly praised by newspapermen unaccustomed to such thoughtfulness from publishers.

The first time my pay was ever cut on account of hard times (and the times really were hard) I walked into the business office and was handed my pay envelope and discovered to my embarrassment that it was 10-percent short. I mentioned this fact with some trepidation because I assumed it to be a clerical error likely to cause a great deal of trouble. But the cashier calmly informed me that it was no error at all; wages had been cut 10 percent. No one had been told anything about this. The heads of the institution were as gentlemanly a group as I have ever known in the newspaper world. What they did seemed perfectly natural to them because no one had ever heard of such a thing as an editorial-department laborer having any rights. I announced at once and in no uncertain terms that I would have the rest of my money instantly or I would start a campaign of throat-cutting that wouldn't leave manpower enough around the place to get out a newspaper. Then I took my missing 10 percent and went upstairs to gather up my few belongings and go elsewhere to seek a job. But no one was angry with me and everyone who knew anything about what happened was amused. They put me down as a hot-headed kid from Texas who had no idea of the economic and social amenities of newspaperdom. I tried to explain that they would have a perfect right to cut my wage for the following week if they so elected and would give notice, but that to cut for the week already past seemed to me precisely like stealing. Well, that *was* funny.

Nevertheless I declined to get to work until assured that I would receive my full wage the following week. They actually argued with me that to quit then and there was very, very wrong. I should give two weeks' notice. But I wouldn't, so they promised that my wage wouldn't be cut, and it wasn't.

Since then my wages have been cut because of business conditions several times and never once with advance notice. I do not know what experience others may have had with wage cuts, but certainly I never have been notified one second in advance. Usually the printers would know what the situation was because the publisher generally made the mistake of going to them and asking them to postpone pay day. They never did. And the result was that the publisher found the money to pay them. I have also seen pay day pass by with no pay envelopes distributed, but I have never been informed of this coming event by a publisher nor have I ever heard from one under such circumstances one word of apology, explanation or regret.

The reader will please keep in mind that none of this refers to New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston or any other of the major cities. If it did, I should not consider it worth writing; I am telling what I know of the general run of newspaper employment where the vast majority of newspapermen in this country are working, in the medium-sized and smaller communities.

I have been managing editor, city editor, chief editorial writer and star staff man repeatedly, but I never at any time made the amount of money ordinarily earned by a union printer on those very newspapers at that time. It always amused me when publishers took it for granted that I hated union printers as much as they did. They assumed that I would dislike the printers because they received larger pay envelopes than mine. Well, they were wrong. I didn't. I envied the printers. They, too, had been wandering tramps only a decade or so before I entered newspaper work, but now they could actually buy homes on the instalment plan, while in the editorial department I saw, month after month, the procession of brilliant young men wending their way from nowhere to nowhere, stopping a while but never calling the place home. Those who were going to amount to anything got out.

One more story of newspaper work and wages and I close. This is such high comedy that I should hesitate to tell it if every person involved were not still able to testify. A friend of mine was sent as staff writer to Mexico City to do a series of feature articles, but revolution broke out suddenly so he gave that his attention instead. In the midst of the turmoil he found himself in the cable office with shells exploding all around him and, for that matter, over a considerable part of the city. He couldn't get out, but what a stroke of luck to be marooned in the cable office! He remained there for a week with the artillery busy all that time. No other newspaperman could reach the place. He scooped the

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world and his paper sold his dispatches to many other newspapers, garnering thereby much profit. It also did a prosperous business in extra editions. On his return, however, my friend found himself unable to make out his expense account because he had sent messengers through shell fire to get food at all hours of the day and night. He had had almost no sleep for a week and he was a nervous wreck. Being a painstaking, meticulous person it grieved him to discover that neither notes nor memory would account for all of his expenditures, so he went to the business manager and confessed that there were still fifty dollars to be itemized, fifty dollars that he had certainly spent, but couldn't remember.

"That's all right, my boy," said the kindly chief executive. "You did a grand job and we appreciate it. We will not take the fifty dollars out of your first week's salary because that might leave you short. We will just take it out five dollars a week, for ten weeks, so you run along and don't give it another thought."

CHESTER T. CROWELL.

# Washington Notes

*Tardy Words on the Saloon—The Right Enemies —Liberals and Conservatives at It Again —The Great Peacemaker*

NOW THAT the repeal excitement is subsiding, it is possible to look at certain more or less curious phases of the situation. One which seems to me particularly interesting and not without its humorous slant is that the really sore people should be not the leading Drys but the leading Wets—especially the Democratic Wets. The thing, of course, that annoys them so intensely is that they made their entire campaign in 1932 upon the restoration of liquor regulation to the states, and confining the functions of the federal government to the prevention of rum-running and the protection of the Dry states. Now they find that the Democratic President, elected on this pledge, has established a federal control over the manufacture, sale and distribution of liquor far more drastic and complete than the Republican proposal which they so bitterly denounced. They writhe unhappily under the new edict, point out that it is a complete violation of the platform pledge, that it sets up a bureaucracy which can easily become as offensive as prohibition enforcement and will be equally susceptible to corruption and abuse. The more conspicuous members of the old Anti-Prohibition Association, such as Mr. Shouse and Mr. Dupont, feel exceedingly bitter about it and warn of trouble. A large number of people are puzzled as to how Mr. Roosevelt can get away with such a complete reversal of form as is involved in the establishment of a system the mere suggestion of which aroused Wet Democrats to fury while he was running for President.

A second feature of the repeal ratification was contained in the President's temperance sermon to the country, delivered as part of his official proclamation, and which so many of the Washington correspondents enthusiastically described as without precedent. Of course it was without precedent, no such occasion ever having been presented before to a President. And, of course, no one could do anything but agree with the Roosevelt exhortation to the people not to indulge in alcoholic excess, to be temperate and well behaved. The really remarkable part of this proclamation, however, was the earnest appeal of the President to the states not to restore the saloon. And this was remarkable chiefly because it came after all of the states which wanted the saloon—and a good many of them did—had already restored it by law.

What I am trying to say is that Mr. Roosevelt's request to bar the saloon was futile and hollow, and it is difficult to see how the man could make it in the face of the facts. However, these are details and Mr. Roosevelt does not and need not worry either about the repudiation of his platform pledge in the federal control over liquor, or the absurdity of asking states which had already restored the saloon not to restore it. The fact is that so long as Mr. Roosevelt is actively identified in the public mind as battling with the crooked international bankers and the Wall Street interests, he need not bother about little matters of consistency, or whether this or that part of the New Deal program is operating 100 percent.

So long as Father Coughlin and William Randolph Hearst picture him to the masses as the foe of the "blood money" plunderers of Wall Street; and so long as the Senate Committee, with his backing, continues to reveal our leading financiers as greedy tricksters, escaping payment of their taxes by crawling through legal loopholes; so long as the administration policy toward more and more rigid regulation of the banks and the stock market continues to be followed—so long as these things go on, Mr. Roosevelt's popularity and prestige will not be hurt by the orthodox discontent and criticism, of which there seems to be an increasing supply. Regardless of the merits of his policies, the mistakes he has made and is making, and the dissatisfaction with some of his department chiefs, the people are largely with him and no politician keen enough to judge local sentiment has any doubt about it. Moreover, those capable of analysis know that the basis for this public sentiment is in the administration attitude toward the great banking interests by which the country has so long been dominated and which have controlled so many of our Presidents. The plain fact is that Mr. Roosevelt has arrayed himself against the most unpopular and generally distrusted element we have. It is the real source of his strength and it may as well be recognized.

Early last week, the daily press was full of reports that the conflict between progressives and conservatives in the Roosevelt administration was rapidly coming to a head and that wholesale resignations among the progressives were not at all unlikely. But it hasn't happened. Mr. Roosevelt has made another of his characteristically adroit compromises. He has settled much of the dispute between George N. Peek and the Wallace-Tugwell-Frank group by taking out of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration a number of the codes and transferring them to the N.R.A. The only ones left are those covering the "first processors" of agricultural products and middlemen who handle them before the first processing.

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On the whole, this settlement represents a victory for the liberals. It is true that many important codes are taken out of the A.A.A. and put under the N.R.A., and General Johnson, from the point of view of the progressive wing of the administration, is not much better than Mr. Peek. However, the codes which remain are of vital significance, and all agreements and licenses are still in the A.A.A. Mr. Peek himself is now entirely out of the picture, being transferred to the task of making bargains with liquor-exporting countries which might take our surplus agricultural products—an important job and one for which he is well qualified.

The other bone of contention was the Securities Act. There is no doubt that the Treasury would like to recommend in the next session of Congress serious changes in the Act—though there is, of course, a great deal of doubt whether Congress would make those changes. The President has said firmly that he proposes to accept no alteration of the Act which would weaken the new safeguards for the investor. But this is much less satisfactory than if he had said that he would oppose any alteration whatever. After all, nobody who wants the Act changed will admit that the proposed amendments would weaken it. More and more, as the new session of the Congress approaches, one hears complaints in Washington about the President because of his disposition to hold both the conservative and liberal elements by charting a course down the middle of the road. He likes that position. He likes the idea of having both sides looking hopefully to him, there between them, smiling, cheerful, confident, conciliatory, compromising. As I have before said, it is a role he loves to play. But it is one no President can play all the time, as, soon or late, this President will discover.

Washington. T. R. B.

# Other People's Money

*New England Nightmare—The Right to Crack Skulls—Recovery in Pittsfield—Holding Company Reforms*

IN BOSTON last week I observed two precious phenomena under the N.R.A. One was the spectacle of workers in a large Norwood tannery company subjected to a gang attack by company guards because they were striking for higher pay, while at the same time the N.R.A. authority in Boston was attempting to force retail food stores to charge more for milk.

At Norwood workers struck for a higher rate than the code minimum and for recognition of the union. The tannery held out on both points. The code fixes a forty-cents-an-hour wage minimum. The company pays forty-five cents. This amounts to $17 a week. This falls, by several hundred dollars, below what is generally recognized as the subsistence level. The N.R.A. makes no attempt to enforce a subsistence level of wages in industry. It fixes a minimum and tells the worker if he wants more he must get it by organizing. It ensures him collective bargaining. But it has ruled that the requirements of collective bargaining are satisfied if the employer receives his employees through an agent, listens to them and returns a prompt and complete negative. Collective bargaining without union organization is an empty form of words. The Norwood tannery, headed by a former Governor of Massachusetts, refuses its employees' demands for more pay and refuses to recognize the union. Then it proceeds to import a score or more of thugs from a New York detective agency and literally turns them loose upon the town. A truckload of them with clubs charges down a Norwood street filled with strikers and others. The guards leap from their truck, rush upon the crowd and use their clubs upon heads without discrimination. Ten persons are taken to the hospital, some innocent bystanders. The strikers get not collective bargaining but collective skull-thumping.

In Boston a milk code is being adopted. Several large merchants representing hundreds of stores want to charge fourteen cents a bottle for milk, which will be two cents under the fixed price of delivered milk. The N.R.A. representative suggested fifteen cents. Neither price will affect what the farmer will get for his milk or anybody's wages. The merchants say they will have sufficient profit at fourteen cents. But the N.R.A. thinks they would do better at fifteen cents. And the merchants have actually engaged lawyers to enable them to resist the efforts of the N.R.A. to boost the price of milk in Boston. These two incidents were in progress within a few miles of each other, as part of the "great revolution."

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is an excellent spot for examination by those who ask why so much insistence is placed on a great public-works building program. This city is idle and its workers are pretty well beyond the reach of aid by anything the government can do which does not contemplate a revival of the capital-goods industries. The one big industry of the town is the General Electric Company plant, which is devoted largely to making heavy electric machinery such as electric furnaces. Until construction operations of some sort get started, until credit is made available in some way to enable industry to spend money on new plant and equipment, there will be no revival in Pittsfield. Another industry in the neighborhood is made up of lime enterprises. They are idle now. While they are idle the local power company loses perhaps its best customers—enormous users of power. While the building industry of the country is paralyzed the lime industry will be paralyzed. And while the building industry and the capital-goods industries generally are paralyzed Pittsfield will be paralyzed. And there are thousands of Pittsfields all over the country.

For the benefit of those who have had neither the time nor opportunity to wade through the remarkable documents issued by the president of the Manhattan Company (Bank of Manhattan) in New York, the following items will be illuminating:

1. The highest salary now being paid to any officer of the bank is $60,000.
2. No more bonuses or special profits.
3. No officer or clerk may borrow money directly or indirectly from any broker.
4. No officer or clerk may guarantee or endorse any loan or obligation.
5. Every officer or director must report every personal loan not secured by adequate collateral.

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6. Every officer or clerk shall report every loan whenever the loan exceeds 50 percent of his annual salary.

7. No officer or clerk may associate himself with any other enterprise as officer or director without special permission of the bank.

8. Officers and directors must now give their undivided attention to the bank's business and the sole compensation, directors' fees, save in a few cases must come from the bank.

8. The bank decided to demobilize its security affiliate two years ago.

10. The bank no longer takes any position in the market in the stock of its own corporation.

11. The company no longer, directly or indirectly, engages in the security business.

Do not these regulations, of which this bank now very properly boasts, sound strangely like those requirements for sound banking which certain persons have been urging for a number of years? Was a depression needed to teach bankers that these are very elementary essentials in the conduct of those who manage the money of other people?

The Manhattan Company now has the power to make one more important contribution to the reform of banking. The Manhattan Company is not a bank. It is a holding company and as such it controls the Bank of Manhattan. As a holding company, it escapes certain regulations to which banks are subjected. There is no reason why it should exist, why the stockholders of the Manhattan Company should not be directly the stockholders of the Bank of Manhattan, without the intervention of the Manhattan Company as the immediate corporate owner of the bank. The one great abuse of banking—the holding company—remains still unscotched. I would be interested to hear from the Manhattan Company one public interest which is served by this form of ownership.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

# Roads

*Tobacco Road, adapted by Jack Kirkland from the novel by Erskine Caldwell. Masque Theatre, December 4, 1933.*

*Peace on Earth, by George Sklar and Albert Maltz. Civic Repertory Theatre, December 4, 1933.*

IF YOU say to an average theatre-goer that our American theatre has, so far, touched but slightly the various sections, he will begin to cite against you lists of plays that are laid here and there over the country or that deal with various local characters. But this is not an expression of America and mysticism or of any section; it is merely a superficial use of some material or other. The essence, that fluid and mysterious character of the country itself, is not there. In fact the mere matter of "characters" and place can be very easy theatre meat; you could, for example, achieve a play set in some part of the South that would copy well enough the surface and yet remain only reporting or journalism, not Southern at all in any sense worth talking about.

It is, moreover, interesting to note that so long as the South had only its culture, very few in these parts could make anything of it; but now that "intellectual" has appeared it is quite another matter. This element of the intellectual is noted because of the fact that of late years a type of writing has arisen which may be seen as not only talented, striking, realistic and sex-bold, or sex-raw, but also as regional, ethnological, as veritable studies in degeneracy and what-not—deep matter, capable of label and analysis.

Both these points bear on Mr. Erskine Caldwell and the play made from his book, "Tobacco Road." There is a type of person that—like a lady I lunched with in college days, who, after an expensive, savory and copious meal, ordered her sanitarium pudding "to nourish me," she said—will enjoy "Tobacco Road" more if he can tell himself that it is an exact study of Georgia poor-white tenants. "Tobacco Road" is and is not that. I myself have seen these Southern poor-whites, and not too superficially. Mr. Caldwell's is an exact record at the same time that it is not so by any means; for, taking an extreme bottom, it heightens the material in the interest of the art he wishes to create. It is both less bad and less good than the life of these people is; a remark that implies not so much exaggeration as it does that intensification and coördination that Mr. Caldwell so freely and obviously practises, and for which we should respect him. It is, in sum, a work of art that he presents us, and its realism is unified and transmuted into something that is, where something was not before. It is, therefore, basically poetic, creative; and to say that it reproduces exactly the material chosen is to halve the extent to which has been created the essence of it. As to intellectual, sociological, regional, et cetera, terms very useful to such people as are outside of or misled in the arts, "Tobacco Road" may lend itself to this kind of reception. It is in a far more subtle way, however, that this writing accomplishes its content and persuasion. People more or less like these Georgia poor-whites occur, of course, in many spots—New Jersey, Maine, Massachusetts, Kentucky mountains and so on—where our Anglo-Saxon race has found an isolated occasion for degeneration and decay. And yet—in the hero especially but also in the whole life displayed—the author of "Tobacco Road" has created some floating quality, shiftless, underfed, unfocused, lively and dead at the same time, that convinces us as essence, as the essence, on the earth somewhere, of some human locality—this Georgia back country as easily as not. "Tobacco Road" is, absolutely and speaking carefully, the only serious Southern play that I know of ever shown on Broadway of which this can be said. All other serious plays, pleasant or unpleasant in intention, about any section or aspect of the South, have missed the essential quality or anything above mere surface; and even the surface is, as a rule, very poorly observed and reproduced.

One of the chief assisting elements in this play is the diction. You can get the sense not only of a good ear and great inborn facility of rhythm, but also of a speech still related to some original mother tongue. You have only to hear a quarter of an hour of "Tobacco Road," to perceive what a difference lies between such genuine speech and such pseudo-real or mechanical washout as "The Left Bank" and "Peace on Earth," for two examples among hundreds, afford. The speech in these, as in most of our dramas classed as realistic, is without any mother base in rhythm, idiom or structure; it relies chiefly on stale slang

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or expletives, either or both, inserted here and there, out of some half-subconscious dread of flatness. This is one of the main defects, fundamentally, in our theatre at present. On this alone if on no other grounds, "Tobacco Road" would have been worth producing. I am not sure, even, that this play's best claim to importance does not lie in the fact that the writing itself can be listened to inch by inch. It affords the ear some initial excitement peculiar to genuine speech and alive within it.

Mr. Kirkland's dramatization of "Tobacco Road"—he was lucky that in the novel the style itself was pared down, the types and their conversation sharp in outline—seems to me very far ahead of most plays made up from fiction. There are moments when, without the engagement of the speech, a scene, novelistic rather than dramatic, might have dragged more than it did. As to the degree of the shock, grossness or whatever you want to call it, that so often appeared, judgment will have to vary according to individual taste. There were times, certainly, when we seemed about to go the whole way with the Lester family and its observations. And yet it is worth remembering that, set on the stage thus, some of these details seem cruder than they appear to be when actually encountered in a region where a good deal of the Elizabethan and eighteenth-century point of view still holds, as I myself know from experience among such people.

"Tobacco Road" tells the story of Jeeter Lester, his wife, old mother, son and hare-lipped daughter, in their shanty, with no crops sown for years, no money but some handy stealing. There is also another daughter, Pearl, not Jeeter's, as we learn, who is her mother's favorite and whom Jeeter has sold to Lov Bensey for seven dollars. Lov, with a sack of turnips, comes to complain that Pearl will not live with him. Sister Bessie Rice, a woman of God, comes to pray with them, is convinced that the youth of sixteen is called by the Lord to preach beside her by day and by night to lie beside her (she has $800 and will buy an automobile, brand new). In the end the son of the old owner, now dead, turns the land over to his banking creditor; the wife is killed by the half-smashed automobile, Pearl runs off to life in Augusta, the old mother has gone off somewhere in the fields and died, and Jeeter, after sending the hare-lipped girl off to Lov Bensey, stretches himself out on the shanty porch.

Mr. Henry Hull, as I have watched him through numerous seasons, has by means of his great natural facility and easy relaxation oftener than not gone through a role with what was, step by step, good enough and sometimes more than that, but in the whole sum of the character and play lacked emphasis, or seemed trivial in the conception, or gave few signs of study. Seeing him start off with "Tobacco Road" so excellently free, fluid and complete in the portrayal, even its costume and make-up, I wondered if it would only go on like that all through to the end of the story or would build and emphasize and solidify its substance as the scenes and their necessary cumulation progressed. It was useless concern on my part. Mr. Hull's whole performance was remarkable, the tone, the movement, the speech and, more important of course, the drifting, voluble, degenerated finality of the character itself. To this must be added Mr. Hull's fine variations in lines and motifs that were equally fine in variety. He gave also the sense of some one background, some single racial air, to be distinctly felt but impossible to describe. And without any forcing or self-consciousness, he created almost imperceptibly the poignancy of old Lester's central passion, loose but unmovable: the land, this dirt that he and his fathers before him had dwelt on; whereas Mr. Lamar King, as the son letting the land go, did nothing with what might, even so briefly, have been created into something that would have made the picture more complete. In the same way Mr. Hull managed to keep old Jeeter's obscenities, debauchery, weak brutality and maudlin curiosity so inside the character and alive within the play's theme that they seemed, to me at least, at once both human and abstract, addled and poetic, and thus never out of place. In contrast to this was the Sister Bessie, basically true to life but for all that a most difficult grotesque to act, what with the piety, fraud, superstition and lust. Miss Reneice Rehan played this role so hard theatrically and reduced so little of its matter to any reality, that the sense of good taste wanting wrecked everything.

Miss Margaret Wycherly as the wife and Miss Ruth Hunter as the hare-lipped daughter played well above the average. Mr. Robert Sharpe's setting, the shanty, naked tree, shed, well curb and deep ground dirt, was better drama than most décor or most plays.

Of "Peace on Earth," the first production of the Theatre Union, it need only be said, perhaps, that the whole effort is sincere, that the propaganda statement must either be confined to a special audience or else developed into theatre that has created the simplicity of its themes into more powerful terms. Mr. Cleon Throckmorton's settings are admirable.

STARK YOUNG.

# Labor and the N. R. A.

FROM TIME to time, The New Republic will discuss in this department matters dealing with the consumer and the N.R.A. as well as labor. The appropriateness of this action is obvious, in view of the fact that, broadly speaking, labor and the consumer are identical. At the present moment, there is particular interest in the question because of the painfully inadequate representation of "the public" in the code authorities which are now being set up.

These authorities straddle the boundary fence between business and government. An approved code is law and its administration and enforcement are consequently a part of the public administration of law. The public character of this work is recognized in most codes by provision that the administrator of the N.R.A. may appoint public representatives to sit on the code authority. One usually thinks of three representatives and associates them mentally with the three interests: industry, labor and the consumer. The rest of the code authority are business men from the industry governed by the code.

Even the limited public supervision exercised by three members is thought excessive by the proponents of industrial self-government. In giving business wide new powers supported by law, they are unwilling to sacrifice the private freedom of business from supervision or control in the exercise of its authority. The drive is on to keep down the number of public representatives and to ensure their sym-

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pathy with those they are set to watch. Business men are arguing that there should not be more than one public representative on any code.

The significance of this argument appears in the fact that an industry's problems are technical and that the administration has already decided that one public representative on each code must have a background of experience in the industry or in an allied industry. This of course means that at least one representative must be a business man similar in outlook and training to the business members of the code authority. If no other representatives are to be appointed the code authority will have self-government indeed.

At best the public representatives on the code authority have an almost impossible job. Several of the most important codes have a hierarchy of governing bodies. Below the national code authority stands the regional authority or an authority for some producing branch of the industry. Where the regional authorities exist there is usually provision for no public representation whatsoever upon them. They of course will make the actual decisions, for their very existence springs from the fact that regional problems cannot be effectively handled in the national body. The public representative finds himself upon an agency which receives reports and holds hearings when business men in the industry have been unable to agree among themselves.

Sooner or later there will be a superstructure above the national code authorities in the form of administrative bodies to coördinate the operation of different codes. This development is inevitable because, as things stand, certain enterprises come under as many as two or three dozen codes, and many enterprises compete against substitute products governed by a code of an entirely different character. When a system of supercodes has been written to govern related industries, the problem of control will be a little more difficult. A compact body of business men who know what they want, and who can hire competent legal advice, will be able to work now through a divisional code authority, now through a national one, and now through the related industry group. Perhaps a further spasm of economy will remove public representatives entirely from the code authority and put them only on related industry groups. Even if the public representatives remain, presumably those on the code authority will be unable to supervise action of the related industry group, and vice versa. Such situations invite political maneuvers to get part of what business wants as Tweedledum and the other part as Tweedledee.

The economy chorus about the N.R.A. is already beginning, and strangely enough, its first point of attention seems to be the salaries of public representatives. There may eventually be as many as 1,500 codes. If each code had three representatives and if another thousand regional bodies and coördinating bodies had representatives also, there might be as many as 7,500 people on the public representative staff. If they all received salaries equal to that now paid to the administrator of the N.R.A., their pay would total $45 million. The Consumers' Advisory Board has estimated that after the Oil Code was passed the increase in the annual bill paid by the American people for petroleum products was more than half a billion dollars. One suspects that $50 million or $100 million to supervise American industry's new powers over price and output would be a good way of saving many times that sum.

The daily press is no longer reporting the minimum-wage rates which the N.R.A. is approving in the codes of the minor industries, though some of these rates are decidedly worth printing, if for no other reason than that they show how little respect is being paid President Roosevelt's original proposal of a $15-per-week minimum wage. Last week, for example, General Johnson approved a minimum wage of twenty cents an hour for the cottonseed-crushing industry east of the Mississippi River. On the basis of the forty-eight-hour-maximum work week allowed, this rate would yield a weekly wage of $9.60. Also worth putting on the record is the demand of the Southern Laundry Owners' Association that they must have a "decided modification" of the wage terms in the laundry code. The minimum wage of $6.40 per week, which they agreed to pay under the President's Reëmployment Agreement, has "proved disastrous," they contend, and must be lowered. At the recent hearings in Washington, Dr. Gust Dyer, professor of Economics and Sociology at Vanderbilt University, supported this demand of the laundry owners on the grounds that the colored washwoman, with whom the laundries must compete, is "an inherited institution" and works for extremely low pay.

After a strike lasting more than three months, some 50,000 silk workers in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England are finally back at work under a compromise agreement. In general, the workers won wage increases of about 15 percent, but their chief demand—modification of the provisions on hours and pay in the silk-textile code—went unsatisfied. The strike was originally called last August to protest the minimum wages ($12 in the South and $13 in the North) in the code—wages no higher than those approved in the cotton and rayon codes. The strikers maintained that these minimum rates would inevitably force a lowering of wage standards in the North to meet Southern competition. Another demand of the silk workers—the shortening of the work week from forty hours to thirty—was also denied.

## A Night in Late Winter

I walk beside an unbuilt street
where earth has not been scraped off yet
to let join stones on stones that make a city.
Here come the seasons too; here warmer days
will spread
across the dumps a little green civility.
Dandelions will say Spring and thistles Summer,
and goldenrod will mention Autumn to
astonished runners after trains. But now
hang scalps of snow upon tin cans to see,
whiter for moonlight; yet I feel, beneath,
snow being drunk, earth swelling; and I think
seeds opening underground must cast an odor out;
how all the air is odorous of life!

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## Politicians and Schools

SIR: Certain stars in the academic heavens are moving toward a partly fortuitous conjunction in the vicinity of New York City in January that may have some significance for public education elsewhere—the election of Major LaGuardia as mayor, which is a challenge to the continuance of Tammany control of the schools of the metropolis; the recently published survey of the administration of the New York City schools by the State Commissioner of Education, heading up in a charge that in the school system "there is a lack of effective and creative leadership"; and the coming of pension age of the present Superintendent of Schools. Even if throughout the country there were no talk about the responsibility of the schools in the changing social order, there would still be cause for much earnest discussion of the possibility of obtaining for New York City a superintendent of schools who is capable of providing effective and creative leadership. If the commissioner's recommendation, that authority and responsibility be centered in the Superintendent, be put into effect, there is all the more need for a canvass of highly qualified candidates for this position of chief executive officer.

The Teachers' Union and the Teachers' Union Auxiliary hold that there has long been a causal connection between the fact of the political determination of every major appointment in the New York City school system and the discovery that there is now "a lack of effective, creative leadership." These two organizations go further and say that political influences have been so devastating to the New York schools that there probably is no one in the school system among the potential candidates for the superintendency who measures up to what the mayor-elect himself has urged as a necessary qualification for the post. He has challenged the Board of Education to find a man for the position "who will have the respect of educators throughout the country."

New York has an opportunity this winter to hand over the administration of its schools to an educator with social vision, who can cultivate the finest ideals now existing in the schools, and will democratize and modernize school administration. If New York will try the experiment of turning over its schools to an outstanding educator, our other large cities with similar problems may take courage.

HENRY R. LINVILLE,
President, New York Teachers' Union.

New York City.

## The Responsibilty for Martyrdom

SIR: I have noticed for some time with growing concern a tendency to excuse the cowardice of Jews who either here or in Germany refuse to tell the truth about conditions under Hitler. And now, Richard Neuberger, the writer of the tragic account of the doings of the Nazis in The New Republic of November 15, makes excuses for those prominent German Jews, including a Rabbi, who actually have put their signatures to a document denying that the Nazis have ever ill-treated or persecuted the Jews.

He tells of the threats that were made to torture or ruin their families, he relates that one and all they proudly asserted their own willingness to endure torture or death, but they could not inflict it upon those they held dear. "Of course they signed," he says, "what else could they do?"

What else could they do? They could have shown that the acceptance of martyrdom has not been lost by the Jews. They could have shown that far rather would they accept death for themselves and for their relatives than dishonor. They could have replied that to win safety for their dear ones at the expense of their souls, would be utterly repugnant to them. They could have shown that nothing, nothing could make up to them for uttering a lie that would go thundering down the ages, a lie that would do untold harm on its way, that would add to the confusion and difficulties, that would finally represent the Jews as bribed to uphold the foundation of Hitlerism, bribed to strengthen the cause of his enemy. . . .

I know that it will be said against me that it is easy to suffer the martyrdom of another. I admit that it is impossible to foretell just how one would behave under torture either physical or mental. But I am very sure of one thing: were I under such conditions to fail in holding to the ideal of truth and courage that is in me, at least I should not expect to be patted on the back for it. I should expect and deserve the dishonor that is poured upon the traitor.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

New York City.

## Are We Top-Lofty?

SIR: I was delighted to see, on page 21 of The New Republic of November 15, that Miss Jane Terrill, of Longmans, Green and Company, has protested against the review in your September 27 issue of E. F. Benson's "Edward VII." It seemed to me time that some representative of a publisher might retort and protest against the extreme top-lofty tone of your reviews, which certainly seem to assume that the reviewers could do so very much better than the authors.

What must have infuriated many readers of the "Freudian Holiday" was the calm cheek of your reviewer in assuming that her own peculiar notions of psychoanalysis—a sort of journalistic hash of Freud's theories—were accepted by the public en masse and also by all informed persons. To discuss a novelist, who had written first-rate fictions before Miss West had finished teething, as a mediocre novelist, was not only cheeky from a reviewer who is a mediocre novelist herself, but irrelevant. What can it possibly matter what kind of a novelist Mr. Benson is if he has written a good life of Edward VII?

Most of us who keep abreast of English fiction and criticism are familiar with Miss West's obsession about psychoanalysis. She has even carried it into a supposed life of Saint Augustine, a life which entirely omits any mention of his visits to Britain, so occupied was the author with the mother-complex stuff and nonsense she has seen fit to incorporate into that book. Edward VII was quite shrewd enough to size up the reviewer of Mr. Benson's book in your columns.

What bothers me when I read your columns is, that if your contributors are so top-lofty and superior and unfair in reviewing, how am I to know how far to trust them about anything else, of which I personally am no judge?

Westport, Conn. WILLIAM MCFEE.

## Extracts from Letters

ALICE RIVERS, of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, informs us that Ludwig Lore, who has recently returned from Germany, will speak on "War or Peace in Europe?" at the Stuyvesant Casino, 144 Second Avenue, Friday, December 15, at 8 P. M. A. J. Muste will serve as chairman of the meeting.

Eugene Rockwell, of St. Paul, Minnesota, has sent in a vigorous objection to Bruce Bliven's article on the World's Fair, which was published in The New Republic of November 15. The main point of Mr. Rockwell's letter is that the generalizations on the attendance of the Fair are "fatuous," and that, if the attendance could be analyzed, it would be found to contain too many contrasting elements to fit into Mr. Bliven's picture. Mr. Rockwell also questions the remark: "I found no enthusiasm for the Blue Eagle and the New Deal, but no strong opposition either," asking if the attitude of The New Republic has been strongly enthusiastic or opposed, and pointing out that the Middle West, with the Socialists in Wisconsin, the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota, the progressive Republicans in Nebraska and even a Communist mayor of a small Minnesota town, is too advanced politically to justify Mr. Bliven's remarks on its apathy.

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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## Panorama

HERE ARE four good novels.[1] Each of them describes a different period of time and segment of society, and describes it from a different point of view, but the periods and segments fit into one another like parts of the same puzzle. Taken together, these four books offer a complete and living picture of the years from 1910 till 1931, a vast European panorama.

"Radetzky March" comes first in point of time, since it deals with the Austrian Empire in the years preceding the War. It is a long, unhurried novel divided into massive chapters, a classic structure built soundly of polished blocks. The translation, too, is smooth and workmanlike and effectively renders the author's mood of gentle melancholy and regret for the past. Joseph Roth has chosen to embody the greatness and decline of the Austrian Empire in two members of the Trotta family, the son and the grandson of the first heroic Baron von Trotta und Sipolje. Franz, the son, is an Austrian official, side-whiskered, single-minded, walking uprightly in elastic-sided boots like the old Emperor himself. Carl Joseph, the grandson, is an army lieutenant who becomes demoralized by garrison life and decays as the Empire decays.

Toward the end of the novel occurs a splendid and terrible chapter telling how the news of Francis Ferdinand's death at Serajevo reached the frontier garrison where the young lieutenant was stationed. It was Sunday and the Hussars were holding a regimental ball on the estate of a Polish count, with nobles present from every corner of the Empire. A storm broke, and with it came the news. The company fell apart into quarreling groups, some wishing to continue the ball, some to end it, the Hungarians saying in their own language that the dead heir to the Imperial and Royal throne deserved his fate, was only a swine—and Lieutenant Baron Carl Joseph von Trotta und Sipolje, the one loyal soldier present, insults them all and resigns his commission, while two drunken bands play the Funeral March out of tune and rain beats on the windows and the servants go about collecting the half-empty champagne glasses from the hands of the guests. Six months later, Carl Joseph and most of his fellow officers would be dead for an Empire in which they had ceased to believe.

That Empire, during three weeks of October, 1918, crumbled away like a piece of dry bread in the fist; the Empire of the Tsar was gone already, and that of the Hohenzollerns was ready to topple over. Among all the mass movements of modern times, the German revolution is least known to the world at large. The Allied countries never read of it, except in censored dispatches; the German public has been taught to forget it, until there now remains only the legend of the "stab in the back" that robbed the German army of its triumph. The revolution was, on the contrary, an upsurge of an entire nation. Beginning among the sailors of the North Sea Fleet, who refused to steam out against the English, it moved inland and spread from province to province faster than express trains could carry the leaders of it. As for the army at the front, it did not feel that it was being betrayed. Thirty-nine battalion commanders were asked whether their troops "would fall into line in the event of a fight to reconquer the country." These men were officers in the most loyal Prussian regiments, yet only one of them believed that the army would oppose the revolution.

"The Kaiser Goes: The Generals Remain" is a novel dealing with these events. It is extremely interesting both for the story, which holds the reader's attention from beginning to end, and for the new methods adopted by the author in presenting history. Theodor Plivier has based his novel accurately on documents, has chosen most of his characters from public life, inventing only a few of them, and yet is never overmastered as an artist by his factual materials. He has written a historical novel about a whole people, and a collective novel in which one never feels the lack of a central character: the revolution itself is his hero. It is the march of the revolution which, without ever faltering, carries us from the battlefront in the Argonne to the Imperial Chancellery in Berlin, from a breadline in the slums to the stokehold of a battleship, and thence through Kiel, Hamburg, Brunswick, back to the Reichstag building on the day when the German Republic was declared—and continues its grip on the nation and the reader until the revolution is betrayed by the Social Democrats, and Ebert, first President of Germany, tells the commanding general that he welcomes the support of the Officers' Corps in fighting bolshevism. The Kaiser goes; but the old ruling caste stands ready to rule again.

The generals remained, and week by week, then year by year, the victories of the German working class were whittled away. The revolution in Austria, which had followed much the same course, was forgotten in the midst of the depression which was felt there sooner than in any other European country. "Karl and the Twentieth Century" is the story of one of the hundreds of thousands of unemployed men in Vienna. But it is not the story of Karl Lakner alone: it is also the story of the new century and of the conditions that robbed Karl of his place in the world. Indeed, it does not even begin with the hero. Long before his birth, it begins with an account of Frederick W. Taylor and his labor-saving ideas which were destined to be applied even in the former Empire of the Hapsburgs.

The author, a young Austrian named Rudolf Brunngraber, has applied the Taylor system to his novel. He has invented a method of writing which carries the experiments of novelists like John Dos Passos to their ultimate and most efficient form. The aim of these experiments was chiefly to give the world background of an individual career. "Karl and the Twentieth Century" achieves the same end without resorting to any such complicated devices as the "News Reel" or "The Camera Eye." Simply, after a bald transition or none at all, a paragraph concerning the hero will be followed by a paragraph describing events in the realm of high industry and world affairs. Karl's humble adventures are embedded in statistics and—here is the important point—the effect of the statistics is not primarily that of giving the reader dry information. As such they are faulty, unscientific, full of errors which the translators might easily have rectified. But emotionally

[1] Radetzky March, by Joseph Roth. Translated by Geoffrey Dunlop. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

The Kaiser Goes: The Generals Remain, by Theodor Plivier. Translated by A. W. Wheen. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

Karl and the Twentieth Century, by Rudolf Brunngraber. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

Time, Forward! by Valentine Kataev. Translated by Charles Malamuth. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

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they are accurate; emotionally they produce their effect on the reader, making him feel that Karl Lakner is carrying the whole weight of modern industry on his stooped shoulders. And the author points the moral of the story by a quotation from Walter Rathenau: "Economics are destiny!"

This leads one to reflect on the different conceptions of destiny in all these novels. For Joseph Roth, destiny is something mystical and, shall we say, using Oswald Spengler's favorite word, "morphological"—the Austrian Empire crumbles because it is fated to crumble; strikes, riots, quarrels between races, are not the causes but merely the symptoms of inner decay. Mystically the old Empire has become incarnated in the person of old Francis Joseph: when he dies, the Empire cannot survive. . . . For Theodor Plivier, destiny lies in the masses; he worships the simple, pure emotions of a marching crowd and delights in telling how powerless are its leaders; he is almost a mob mystic. But there is an inner contradiction in his philosophy. Although he believes that individual men have little power for good, he shows that they can betray and pervert the great aspirations of the masses. The mob is his hero, but his villains are Noske and Ebert. . . . Rudolf Brunngraber believes that destiny is purely economic and independent of human control. But in order to prove his point he presents a hero without family connections or special abilities or political ideas or even character, a lonely man peculiarly subject to the operation of economic laws. There is no fight in Karl; he is beaten before he even begins.

Valentine Kataev, on the other hand, is writing a story of fighting men in a new country. One's first impression of "Time, Forward!" is what an easy time the author is having. These other novelists have all been faced with the task of explaining defeats. In order to do so, they have adopted more or less mystical philosophies, and two of them have had to invent new techniques. Kataev is chronicling part of a victory: his technique grows directly out of his story, and he seems to require no philosophy whatever, not even the official Marxianism of his country. His motive for writing is stated briefly: "Let not a single trifle, not even the smallest detail, of our inimitable, heroic days of the first Five Year Plan be forgotten!" And so he chooses one detail of the Plan—the attempt of Ishchenko's brigade at Magnitogorsk to beat the world's record for pouring concrete.

At Kharkov, in the far Ukraine, the workers had poured 306 mixtures in a single eight-hour shift. Can Magnitogorsk make a better showing? All the energies of the people in the book are concentrated on this single problem. There is a host of characters—so many of them, indeed, that the author has to identify them by simple idiosyncrasies: one of them always mispronounces a word, another wears white canvas shoes which are always getting spotted, still another doesn't get anything to eat but gumdrops from one end of the book to the other. All the characters have long confusing Russian names, but no matter—the story moves so quickly that one leaps over the names, leaps over the pages in the hasty desire to learn what is going to happen. And yet what happens is simple; it can be summarized in a row of figures: Kharkov, 306 mixtures. Kuznetsk, the same day, 402 mixtures (tempos are rising all over the Soviet Union). Ishchenko's brigade at Magnitogorsk, 429 mixtures, breaking the record. And then, next morning at the Chelyaba tractor plant, 504.

But what is the role of destiny in all this? One might say that destiny, for Valentine Kataev, is the Five Year Plan, but that isn't the final answer: after all the Five Year Plan was outlined by men and altered by other men and carried out by still others, some of them wearing white canvas shoes and others munching gumdrops. This Russian novel is somehow more human than the three from Central Europe. From it one gets the idea that in the future destiny may cease to be mysterious fate or the mob in revolt or blind economics—that under communism destiny is men.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

# Cavalcade

*The Edwardian Era, by André Maurois. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 399 pages. $3.*

THIS VOLUME is an admirable example of the formula M. Maurois now knows so well how to employ. It is based on wide reading of the obvious sources; it has, in a high degree, both elegance and charm. It contains a series of brilliant personal vignettes in which M. Maurois captures with attractive decency and precision the more obvious lineaments of the more obvious leaders of events and ideas. The interest is well sustained throughout, and all the febrile pageantry of nine crowded years is conveyed with very considerable artistic skill.

Yet it is a book for the drawing-room rather than for the serious reader. M. Maurois knows how to please; but he is content to do no more than please. He sees the Edwardian age in terms of persons and their impact, rather than in terms of the vaster impersonal forces of which men were no more than the expression. Politics remains for him a resultant of the interplay of personal intrigue; he does not explain what gave its authority to one side or the other. No one would realize from his book that the making of the Triple Entente had any relation to a struggle for economic power. No one, either, would guess that these years opened an abyss between Liberalism and Labor without which the developments of more recent years are unintelligible. The thought of the common people finds no place here. The decline of religious belief, the rapid erosion of mid-Victorian morals, the growing resentment at inequality, the profound significance of the woman-suffrage movement as the inevitable accompaniment of the independent woman worker driven into office and factory, the emergence of a new political science, the revolt, as with J. A. Hobson, against orthodox economics—all this remains unmentioned.

M. Maurois has preferred to paint a charming pageant rather than to essay an explanation. He is interested in the superficial rather than the profound. On well worn themes like the character of the King and the Kaiser, he says all the obvious things brightly and skillfully. We have the famous visit to Paris, the malignant intrigues of Holstein, the nervous malevolence of Isvolsky, the solid Whiggism of Asquith, Grey the garden-lover, and Lloyd George the pacifist radical, all rendered with M. Maurois' ingenious virtuosity. What is absent is an explanation of it all. The effects are reached not so much by the questions asked and answered as by the disposition and color of the figures painted for our enjoyment.

Yet even M. Maurois must surely have been troubled by things implicit in his own portrait. What made Mr. Lloyd George so immediately the second man in the Liberal movement of 1906? Why was the foreign policy of Lord Grey continuous with that of his predecessor? Why did Mr. Bernard Shaw, whom the Victorian age hardly knew, slip into the front rank in the Edwardian period? Why did the House of Lords suddenly become the active

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enemy of advanced social legislation? What was the significance of Mr. Galsworthy's bland Pharisees, of the transition of Mr. Wells from the author of "Kipps" to the author of the epoch-making "New Machiavelli"? Why did the elevation of Mr. Burns to the position of the first Labor Cabinet Minister produce no consolidation of any sort between the Liberal and Labor forces? What was the import of the fact that the Liberal measure of 1906 on the trade unions—introduced by a government with a majority of 350—had to be withdrawn to satisfy the demands of a party of only 43 members? What explains the exhaustion of the Liberals' impulse to social legislation by 1910? What is the significance of their refusal to deal seriously with Home Rule for Ireland until their majority had melted away?

These are only some of the vital questions in this epoch upon which M. Maurois does not touch at all. We could have spared the details of King Edward's passionate interest in decorations, or the tawdry pageantry of the proclamation of the new king, for an answer to them. M. Maurois has chosen to write history in the manner of Mr. Noel Coward. He is always intelligent, always witty; he has a neat turn of phrase. The music is rarely without its enchantment, and the actors sing all the well known songs. But the book, in relation to what such a portrait might be, is what one of Mr. Ziegfeld's entertainments was to a play by Eugene O'Neill. It passes an evening pleasantly; but when it has done that, the puppets can be packed away and the entertainment forgotten. Perhaps M. Maurois is envious of Dumas' achievement in raising history to the level of romance.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

# Miniatures, R. A.

*Great Lives Series: Shakespeare, by John Drinkwater. Queen Victoria, by Arthur Lord Ponsonby. Wagner, by W. J. Turner. John Wesley, by Bonamy Dobrée. Cecil Rhodes, by J. G. Lockhart. Gladstone, by Francis Birrell. George Eliot, by Anne Fremantle. The Brontës, by Irene Cooper Willis. Charles II, by John Hayward. Dickens, by Bernard Darwin. Beethoven, by Alan Pryce-Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. About 140 pages each. $.75 per volume.*

THIS IS the second series of brief biographies to appear this year. Eighteen have already been published and twelve more are to appear shortly. The Great Lives series includes, besides those dealt with in this review, H. M. Stanley, William Blake, Sheridan, Robert Burns, Edward VII, Thackeray, Tennyson, the Prince Consort, Columbus, Milton, Cobden, Charles Lamb, George III, Haig, W. G. Grace, Bach and Huxley.

At first glance the selection appears to be planless. But on examination it reveals a certain rough order, based on significant preferences which, even without the "printed in Great Britain" line on one of the pages, would make clear that this is a British publishing project. All but four of the lives are British; preponderance is given to political and literary figures, an indication of the British partiality to politics and literature, an understandable partiality, since the imperial career of Great Britain has made her politics spectacular, and her writers have given her preëminence in the most popular of the seven arts. The importance accorded to royalty is a further special British affair; there is no substantial greatness in the careers of the five royal figures here presented, except what was put on them with the crown and robes, and they prove, if anything, that an ordinary human being, especially in a constitutional monarchy, makes the best king.

Moreover, thirteen of the twenty-six British figures are Victorians, an indication of the growing consciousness in England that the Victorian era was the peak of British power and importance in the world. It is more than a sign of the reconciliation of this generation with its past; it is evidence of a new and acute consciousness of history which is part of the consciousness of the end of an era. The tone in which most of these short biographies are written is far from the Stracheyan irony of the immediate past. It is a "yes, we have had great men!" tone, and reminds one of the Latin writers of the Augustan age, in whom also the consciousness of the end of an era, the end of the imperial republic, was poignant, and who therefore dealt reverently with its leading personalities.

In method, too, these biographies make a return to the past. They are, with some exceptions which will be noted below, written in plain, narrative style, with some efforts at smartness and grace, but few at revelation. Although the last generations have added two resources to the equipment of the biographer, they are both, in these volumes, ignored.

Psychoanalysis undoubtedly offers clues to the personal origins of behavior; and the Marxian analysis offers even clearer clues to the social situation in which that behavior becomes influential and effective. A great man, unquestionably, is one whose personal situation has shaped him to fit a social function. For example, we may take the career of John Wesley. In Bonamy Dobrée's book we are given much information about Wesley's childhood, but all without emphasis. Some of the details could well have been omitted to furnish more space for treating the more significant ones. And we are given no survey at all of the social and economic settings in which Wesley's life was lived. Now, as it happens, Wesley's mother was a person of so much authority in the household that Wesley could never approach a woman without a certain awe, or ever be natural with her. All sexual relations for him were suspended till a marriage in his old age, and were then so unsatisfactory as to be virtually unfulfilled. Sexual energy, as has happened in the lives of other famous celibates, was diverted into religion, and was channeled into so strong a current that Wesley's sermons became famous for their power to prostrate his hearers.

But why did Wesley get a hearing, and why did Methodism, a revival of primitive Pietism, strike England with force? A study of the setting, which the author fails to give us, would have provided the answer. Wesley appeared at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution in England, when men were forced from the farms into mine pits and factories. These new proletarians were not only in the physical misery of poverty, but in the mental misery of uncertainty and instability. They had been torn out of their customary ways of living and they gasped for a new attachment. This the shifting economic system could not give them, but Methodism offered a substitute. The phenomenon has been repeated in our South, especially among the Negroes. It is significant that rich and noble followers of Wesley were rare; that his audiences came from the peasants and the new class of factory workers.

Had these social factors been considered, Mr. J. G. Lockhart could not have given such unrestrained and vulgar hero-worship to the megalomaniac Cecil Rhodes, scorner of women and lover of bigness, who set out to conquer and trap the world for Anglo-Saxondom; Rhodes's career, for instance, could be explained by the fact that the

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unification under their own middle class of Germany and Italy and the establishment of the French bourgeois republic closed Europe to British exploitation and stimulated the search for other markets in new countries. Mr. John Hayward would have cared less to prove that Charles II was no worse than the man on the street; Mr. Ponsonby would have found a better explanation for Queen Victoria's influence than the completely invisible "greatness" that he never succeeds in conjuring up from the unknown; Mr. Francis Birrell would have been able better to assess Gladstone's failure and achievement, and the growth of empire in spite of a reluctant Prime Minister; the unqualified prosperity of the never-married society portrait painter, Joshua Reynolds, so smoothly run over by Mr. John Steegmann, would have risen out of the phenomenal into the understandable; George Eliot's struggle for a place for herself in a man's world would appear less hysterical than Miss Anne Fremantle allows it to seem; the tragic life of the Brontës would have been given more cogency than even Miss Willis' sensitive treatment manages; Dickens' popularity could have been given more convincing and revealing explanations than Mr. Darwin offers in his entertaining biography; and Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones could have presented keener solutions of the paradox of Beethoven, who was supernormal as an artist and subnormal as a man.

It remains to be added that two of the volumes do not follow the direct narrative method. Mr. Drinkwater's life of Shakespeare devotes much of its space to polemics against the Bacon claims, discussion of the rival schools of Shakespearian acting and other matters. It is a collection of lively essays about Shakespeare rather than a biography of Shakespeare. And Mr. Arthur Ponsonby divides his book on Queen Victoria into essay chapters, each almost independent of the others. By this method he succeeds in compressing a great deal of matter into small space; but the interruption of continuity makes the book less readable.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

# The Liberal Point of View

*America in Search of Culture, by William Aylott Orton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 310 pages, illustrated. $3.*

AMERICA, says Mr. Orton, with a certain boldness in abstraction, is in search of culture; and this has been true ever since the simultaneous deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson in 1826: between the birth of Franklin and that memorable year, he says, "lies the first —perhaps the only—true cycle of American culture." The reasons for its subsequent decline are to be found in the disappearance of the gentleman from the political scene, in the "trampling down—yes, literally, under the feet of horses and armed men"—of the rich and humane culture of the slavocracy, in the rise to power of the mere plutocrat, the centralization of financial control and the sway of quantitative thinking. Such forces have of course been largely at work in European society too, but Mr. Orton, in his concentration on American culture, says little of them.

In any case, most readers will be more interested in his prescriptions than in his diagnosis. Here Mr. Orton's somewhat eclectic liberalism makes summary difficult. He denies that he is the person "to formulate a program," and offers instead "the attempt at a philosophy"; but this is not to say that he throws out no constructive suggestions in the course of his argument. What is difficult is to reduce these to a strict and perhaps illiberal unity. His diagnosis of our cultural malady having been largely sociological, one imagines that Mr. Orton's "way out" will be defined at least partly in social or political terms; and in fact he declares that the field of social reform and the field of esthetics "completely merge"—"you cannot tell one from the other." But he commits himself to no narrow program of social change. In an early chapter he says some favorable things of Italian Fascism, which has given the Italians "a vision of the Italian nation as a living unity"; elsewhere he cites with approval the views of Marx and Lenin on cultural questions, and in the chapter on the cinema declares that the outlook for the revolutionary cinema of Russia is "far more hopeful" than ours; at another point he speaks for the "liberal intelligentsia."

It is probably for these last that he speaks with most conviction. He has the liberal's faith in gradual salvation by enlightenment. The surviving democracies, he says, including America, must foster "the worthiest forms of non-economic activity," and see to it "that the character and policies of the state are not exclusively determined by the purely economic aims of purely economic organizations"; he would like to have "the sovereign power . . . at least ensure that in cases of conflict between cultural and financial interests it should not always be the latter that prevail"; he would like to see "a wider use by the community of its own institutions for cultural ends." He discusses these possibilities most specifically in connection with what he properly brands our vulgarized and mechanized cinema and radio.

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Orton's book and subscribe to many particular criticisms without feeling that his liberal approach—one that is really intellectualist, literary and, in the narrow sense, ideological, despite his allusions to sociology—is the right approach to a problem that has so many ugly and ominous aspects as this has. To discuss American culture without facing the fact that the cultural interests, like the other interests, of different classes are not only divergent, but antagonistic, is to discuss it in terms that have an irreducible unreality. It is the way in which our native liberals always discuss it, and Mr. Orton, who is English, is only following their example. One could wish that he had gone them one better.

NEWTON ARVIN.

# The Smiling Sage

*A Guide to Modern Thought, by C. E. M. Joad. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 268 pages. $1.75.*

C. E. M. JOAD is something more than Walter B. Pitkin and something less than Bertrand Russell. He writes in the excellent popular vein of the former, but with more grasp and insight; with the telling phrases and humor of the latter, but with less power and far-sightedness. The English take their thought lightly before and after dinner; they do not sit down to great philosophical banquets of interminable seriosity. Mr. Joad's book is, nevertheless, an essentially serious guide to modern thought, which brilliantly sets forth the most recent trends in physics, biology, psychology, and their philosophical implications. The descriptive passages are excellent. There is hardly a better brief, clear interpretation of Freud in the language. It is only in the critical portions that the reviewer finds a vital confusion.

The central preoccupation of the book is with psychology. The essential error of the author is in treating psychology as a philosophy. Mr. Joad sets out to examine the implications of psychology, confuses the implications with the science itself, and finally criticizes the science as a philosophy. Now psychology is no more philosophy than obstetrics. The subject is properly a branch of medicine, and the sooner thinkers, the general public and the psychologists themselves recognize and accept this view, the sooner we shall be out of the present muddle surrounding psychology, behaviorism, psychoanalysis and the rest.

From a critical section of the book, for example, comes the following sentence: "If behaviorism is correct in what it asserts, the doctrine of behaviorism reflects nothing but a particular condition of the bodies of the behaviorists." This is a kind of solipsistic sophistry unworthy of the author. Here Mr. Joad is criticizing behaviorism as a final philosophy of life. Perhaps the behaviorists themselves have made a similar confusion. Such confusions often result when scientists used to figures and formulas attempt to explain their finding in words. This kind of criticism is like saying that mind is not mind because there is nothing to observe mind but mind, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is the kind of reasoning which, though strictly valid in an abstract logical sense, encourages the average man to regard philosophers as animals with their tails in their mouths running in circles. Mr. Joad happens to be one of the few who can grin out the sides.

For the rest, the book is what the title implies: an illuminating, clear and pleasant guide and critique to the most up-to-date in current thought.

F. VINTON LINDLEY.

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# Books in Brief

## Biography

NOT GUILTY! The Story of Samuel Leibowitz, Criminal Lawyer, by Fred D. Pasley. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 281 pages. $2.50.*

Samuel Leibowitz's part in the Scottsboro case is the most interesting aspect of this book, which is otherwise little more than a "true story" version of that familiar popular fiction revolving around the honest lawyer, the rabid prosecutor, the more or less innocent defendant, the indispensable forgotten clue and the show put on in the courtroom. Mr. Pasley, who is a New York newspaperman, refers to his central figure as "Showman Leibowitz" and analyzes a score or more of criminal trials in which the lawyer justified that title. But in the Scottsboro case the issues at stake were so great as to dwarf Mr. Leibowitz, in spite of all his biographer's attempts to make him the most important element in the drama; in the background there were always the tragic figures of the nine Negro boys, the thousands of letters and telegrams of protests, the demonstrations that took place all over the world, the vital social conflicts represented by the few individuals in the Alabama courtroom. Even on the evidence which Mr. Pasley presents, his statement that only two men—Leibowitz and Judge Horton—were interested in saving the Negro boys, seems a violent distortion.

## Public Questions

ABORTION: LEGAL OR ILLEGAL? by A. J. Rongy, M.D. *New York: Vanguard Press. 212 pages. $2.*

THE LAW AGAINST ABORTION: Its Perniciousness Demonstrated and Its Repeal Demanded, by William J. Robinson, M.D. *New York: The Eugenics Publishing Company. 123 pages. $2.*

The first of these books is by all odds the better. Dr. Rongy attacks his subject bare-handed and with complete candor. Attributing the moral horror of abortion to the rise of Christian ethics, he cites some of the more emphatic pronouncements of the Catholic Church and also reprints a few of the curious opinions on the subject expressed by certain of the Protestant churches in England and America. Several chapters on the legal, economic and medical aspects further build up the case against an "abortion racket" which in this country takes toll of about two million women annually, of whom upwards of 15,000 die. Comparisons with the Soviet system make excellent, if somewhat depressing, reading. Dr. Robinson's book, although well informed, tends more to the emotional side of the problem. There are numerous "case records" to bear out the subtitle, and considerable emphasis is placed upon the futility of most of the current methods of birth control. Read together, these books provide an excellent background for an intelligent understanding of this serious problem.

## Public Questions

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMICS, by R. F. Harrod. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 211 pages. $1.25.*

Mr. Harrod's book is a competent and effective presentation of the principles of international economics from the standpoint of laissez-faire modified but slightly by modern developments. It contains an orthodox but clear and cogent exposition of the connection existing between international trade and the monetary system.

THIS CHANGING WORLD, by Samuel S. Fels. *Illustrated by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 295 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Fels, a successful soap manufacturer, believes that the principle of mutual aid expressed through coöperative effort is certain to lead mankind to a new freedom and new interest in spiritual values. The driving force of human endeavor is purpose; it is a reflection of the "Universal Life Purpose." The future, if it is to be an improvement over the past and present, must be on the basis of the "blending of individual and joint purposes." Concretely this means having a national economic program. Mr. Fels advocates the establishment of a Federal Trade System to plan production and stabilize employment. He is for the scaling down


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## Fiction

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE, by Elizabeth Cambridge. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.*

Catherine married William during the War; the War was still going on when her first baby was born. When William was invalided home to begin life as an English country doctor, they were both already a little tired. Catherine, sensitive and ambitious "to write," was forced to settle down to an endless struggle with poverty and children and relatives and servant girls. The outcome is inconclusive: Catherine and William have seen their own generation crack up, but they have brought up three fairly promising children; they have gained nothing from life, but they have made it bearable, and that is enough. The story is carefully and honestly, but not vivaciously, told.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS, by Richard Strachey. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.*

During a holiday at Brighton, Samuel and Joseph, the two children of the widowed Mrs. Treetop, fall in love with their playmate, Monica Mavis. After losing sight of each other during the years of confusion after the War—Monica has taken a Jewish bookie for her lover, Joseph has been living with an interior decorator, Samuel has turned scholar—Samuel and Monica meet again, find their attraction as intense as it was fifteen years before, and go away together—thus rounding out a youthful, sprightly novel which clearly reveals some of the happier effects of the influence of Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh.

TO A GOD UNKNOWN, by John Steinbeck. *New York. Robert Ballou. $2.*

It is a surprise to find Mr. Steinbeck leaping from the sharp characterization of his first book to mystic symbols of nature worship. He writes of his principal character with the fervor of a faithful apostle. Joseph had no creed, no desire to be remembered; above such human emotional indulgences as pain and sorrow, he lived like a man who, having Nature for a mistress, was willing to go through any straits to satisfy and please her. Nothing disturbed his passion except sterility, and, when that came to him in the form of a drought that ruined his lands, Joseph stretched himself on the rock which symbolized his worship and cut open his veins, exchanging his life for the life of the soil.

## Contributors

Gerald W. Johnson has been for seven years an editorial writer on The Baltimore Evening Sun. He is the author of, among other books, "Number Thirty-Six," a novel, and "The Secession of the Southern States" in the Great Occasions series, both published in 1933 by Putnam.

Hamilton Basso is a novelist and biographer who has lived in various parts of the South. His second novel, "Cinnamon Seed," will be published by Scribner's early next year.

Chester T. Crowell, who has done newspaper work throughout the United States, has contributed fiction and articles to a large number of magazines. He is at present living in Washington, D. C.

Isidor Schneider, the author of a volume of poetry and of a novel, is a frequent contributor to literary journals. He is at present at work on his second novel.

Harold J. Laski, author of several volumes on social and economic subjects, the latest being "The Foundations of Sovereignty and Other Essays," is a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics.

Newton Arvin is an associate professor of English at Smith College. He is the author of a life of Hawthorne and of many reviews and critical articles.

F. Vinton Lindley is a class of 1933 graduate of Yale, where he distinguished himself by his work in the English department. In his senior year he was chairman of the Yale Literary Magazine.

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